

the voyageur



P.B.

1960-61

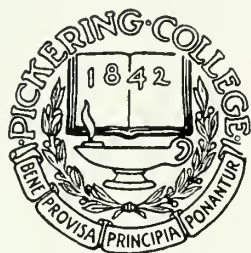


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VOLUME XXXIV



**Newmarket. Ontario
Summer. 1961**

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Editorial Staff

JOCK BATES (*Editor*)

JIM ROSS

JIM BEER

BOB BLOOMFIELD

BRUCE LUNDGREN (*Staff Representative*)

RON HONS (*Staff Representative*)



TO

RUDY RENZIUS

ARTIST, CRAFTSMAN, TEACHER

Director of Arts and Crafts
at Pickering College
From Nineteen Thirty-five
Until his retirement in nineteen-sixty

A skilled and patient guide
In the realm of beauty
For many Pickering students

This edition of the Voyageur
Is affectionately dedicated.



THE HEADMASTER

A Personal Word to The Students

THIS VOLUME COMES TO YOU as a record of our past school year together and I hope that it will evoke many good memories of the activities and associations we have shared during that time. Your first urge will be to scan the pictures and articles, seeking your own handsome countenance and any reference there might be to the accomplishments of your own friends and yourself. This is as it should be, but once done, take time to read and ponder the editorials by Jock Bates and Ronald Hons as well as the Chapel talks given by your own student leaders. Here you should find reflections on the inner drive and motivation of this community, apart from which all our pursuits on this hill-top have little meaning or purpose.

Such motivation is found in our endeavour to give to each student an opportunity to develop his mind and his character as fully as possible, so that he has something worthwhile to offer, now to his fellows, later to the larger community. Surely this is the background against which a Pickering student must be judged and must judge himself. Within this framework, how do you assess your own year just past?

Of course, it must first be evaluated in terms of learning. Much is said these days about the value of an education, but it so often bears the wrong stress. Government pamphlets are issued to point out that a Grade XII education brings a much greater weekly remuneration than a Grade X education. This is a false value. You go to school for self-knowledge and for the training of the mind through self-discipline, so that you may be of service to mankind. The complexity of our society to-day demands well-trained and highly skilled minds. Each of you must therefore develop his own potential to the full and now is the time to measure your growth in things of the mind.

This growth towards mental maturity does not take place in a vacuum, but rather in association with many others, family, teachers, fellow students, and so your past year must also be evaluated in terms of yourself as an individual in relationship to the community in which you lived. From this point of view, how do you see your year? I trust that you have enlarged your understanding of the true nature of freedom and of the responsibilities that are inexorably bound with it. Remember the psalmist's words: "So shall I observe thy law continually, forever and ever, and I shall walk at liberty." If you do so remember, your past year has indeed been rich and both your school and your family life have gained much from you.

To this plea for thoughtful evaluation, I wish to add my personal thanks to all of you who have helped make the year one of good growth in mind and in spirit. Life in this school on the hill makes exacting demands of all of us, but it also offers great rewards in fellowship and friendship.

HARRY M. BEER

To You We Throw The Torch

WHEN WE LOOK BACK OVER THE SCHOOL YEAR 1960-61, what will we think? Was the year profitable? Was it worthwhile? Has it inspired us to do better? Are we better for the year spent at Pickering?

These questions must be answered by the individual, for each student will have different answers. But they can also be answered by the student as a part of a group. I believe we can say that 1960-61 has been a good year. It had its mis-haps and humiliations but these are to be found in every walk of life. They are as much a part of education as is English literature, for disappointments and defeats as well as joys and triumphs add to that mysterious storehouse of knowledge possessed by every man, that storehouse from which man draws to gain experience and wisdom. Certainly the experiences of the past school year, the two championship Senior teams in the fall and the tension which built up during the term, the very skilful Spring Festival and the conduct of our athletes all affected the students of 1960-61. The vast majority will benefit from them, for they will remember both good and bad, try to better the good, and to make certain that they will not fall back into the rut of the bad.

Each generation of Pickering students has undergone such experiences. Next year, many new boys will become a part of Pickering. The students of 1960-61 who return for another year will be the leaders of the next generation.

They will be the guardians of life at Pickering and will determine whether 1961-62 will be good or bad. The graduates of 1960-61 will enter universities or the business world. They will be contributing to the well-being of Canada, her economy, her thought, and her supply of educated men. Still other students will enter high schools and pursue education there. To all of you, the students of Pickering College 1960-61 and to each individual, we say:

*Here, our course is run. Take now the torch
and speed along the track. Carry it far, carry it
wide, carry it with courage. Wherever you run
along your life's path, remember to hold the torch
high; not merely as high, but higher than it was
handed to you.*

JOCK BATES.

The Individual

WHO IS HE? He isn't part of the masses. Where is he? He is found everywhere. How is he recognized? He is recognized by his thoughts and actions.

Past generations have produced all kinds of individuals. These individuals are either positive or negative and the masses hang suspended between these two extremes. The negative individual is the one least remembered and most to be feared. It is he whose actions have caused untold damage and misery to mankind. The negative individual has short-lived favour as his actions eventually consume him. However the positive individual lives through the ages in the memories of men.

The virtuous individual is a person to admire. He deserves the recognition and respect of all. His views, when conflicting with the general pattern, should be tolerated and investigated before condemned. He is always a positive leader with a rational mind and he is responsible for his actions more so than the rest of us. Such an individual respects and protects the rights and freedoms of others. The virtuous individual shuns popularity and accepts at most, token thanks for his deeds. He strives not for material gain but rather for the good of one and all. He has a scale of values. God is first, the other fellow is second and he is third. One could refer to him as the modern day cavalier.

The actions of the virtuous individual are directed in the first instance, toward the closer communion of man with God; secondly, towards the ease of suffering and misery of mankind; and thirdly, toward the welfare of his country.

Virtuous individuals may be found everywhere but due to persistent mass and public demonstrations of intolerance they must be drawn from their refuge. Such individuals are often driven by the stringent rules of modern day conformity to bow to pressures and seek seclusion. They may be found at all age levels and in all walks of life but their effectiveness is only felt when enough good men are willing to support them.

In our shrunken world we need virtuous individuals. We need men who will in one way or another guide and help his less provident brothers all over the world. The totally independent nation has disappeared and has been replaced by the dependence of several nations on one. In order to have any sense of unity and co-operation we need statesmen who are willing to give and take for the general welfare. These statesmen must be the virtuous individuals. The virtuous individuals are necessary for the preservation of peace and prevention of mankind's annihilation.

Accepting the belief that there is a little of God in each of us, it is necessary for the men of virtue to bring us to a complete self-realization.

RON HONS.

School Awards

THE GARRAT CANE is an award made by members of the graduating class to one of their number who, in their opinion, best exemplifies in his actions and attitude the ideals of the college. We are happy to congratulate *Robert Sherry* whom his fellow students honoured with the award this year.



The Headmaster and Robert Sherry



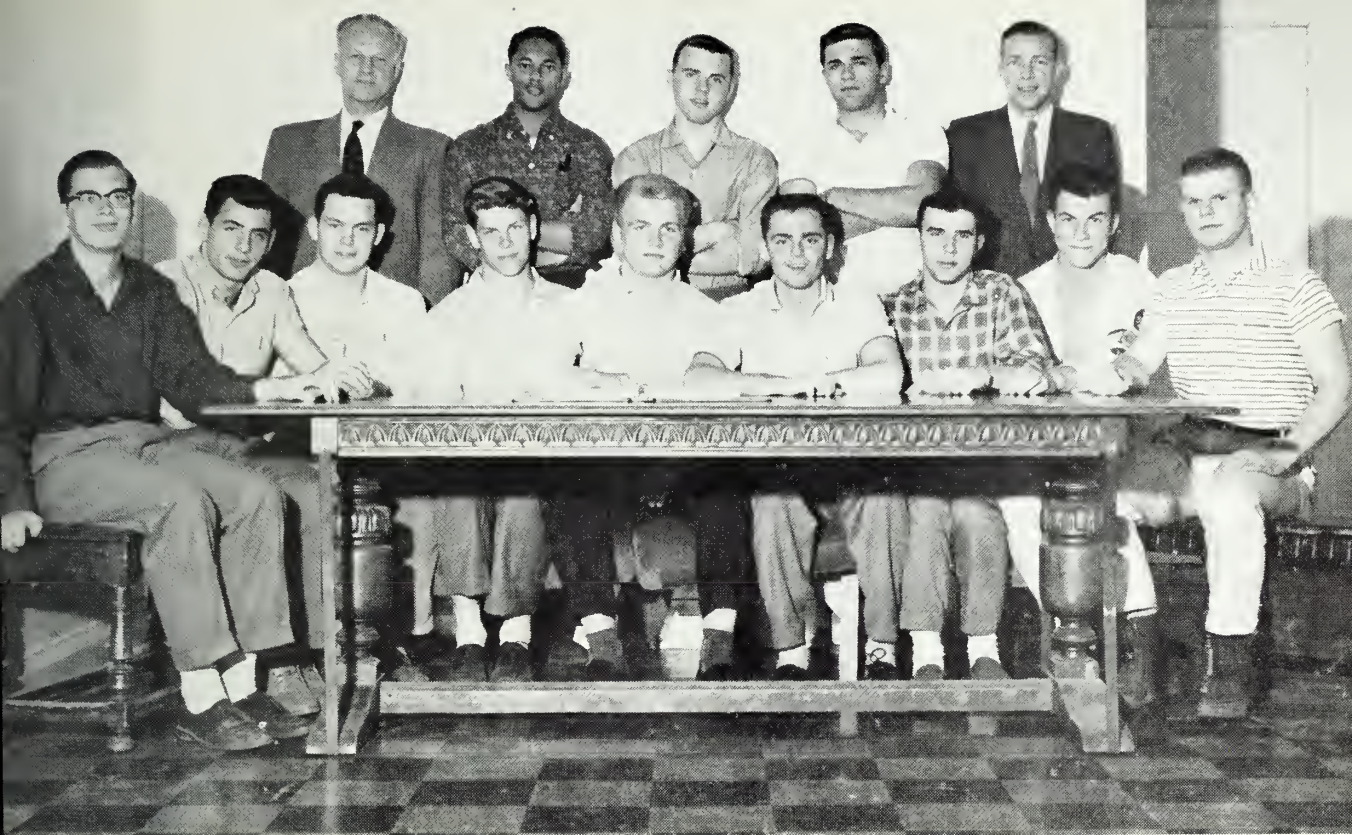
*The Headmaster, Jock Bates, Roger Veale,
and Mr. Ward Cornell*

THE WIDDRINGTON AWARD is made to members of the graduating class who have contributed notably to the well being of the community in student affairs and leadership. Jock Bates and Roger Veale, Pickering students for the past five years, are this year's recipients.

THE ROGERS CANE is a Firth House award made for the best practical expression of the house motto "All for one, one for all." This year the award was given to *Pedro Herrera*.

The Headmaster and Pedro Herrera





Student Committees

AT THE BEGINNING of each term at Pickering, the students elect a Committee of eight boys to represent them for the term.

The Committee plays an important role at Pickering. It offers leadership to the Students by presenting the Students' views to the Staff, organizing school activities, and conducting a Student Assembly every week during which the students offer suggestions concerning school business.

The members of the committee are elected to the offices of Chairman, Secretary-Treasurer, dress men, and Social Convenors by the Committee itself.

One of the most important functions of a Committee member is that of addressing the students in chapel during the winter term. Here the members give their opinions on important matters concerning the student.

This year's Committee was able to conduct its business concerning the school well, thus bringing the students and staff closer together.

Our thanks to our staff advisors Mr. Veale and Mr. Beer. We wish success to the Committee of next year.

ROGER VEALE.

the Graduating Class

WE PRESENT THE GRADUATING CLASS of 1960-1961, with a summary of their activities, interests and ambitions, and their probable activities after they leave Pickering College. We wish them luck.



ALLAN ADAMS

Montreal — (4 years) — Senior Soccer 2 years —
 Badminton — Silver Team — Dramatic Club
 Other Interests — Drummer for Beachcombers —
 motorcycles
 Ambition — Arts at Mount Allison
 Favourite Saying — “Boy, if I had my Norton . . .”
 Probable Destination — a Combo



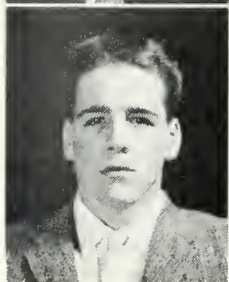
JOCK BATES

Sarnia — (5 years) — Senior Soccer 3 years —
 Badminton — Basketball — Track and Field —
 Silver Team — Polikon Club — Stamp Club —
 Dramatic Club
 Other Interests — Editor of Quaker Cracker and Voyageur
 — Chess — School Committee
 Ambition — History and Languages at U. of T.
 Favourite Saying — “Confound it!”



GORD BREBNER

Kirkland Lake — (1 year) — First Hockey —
 Senior Football — Silver Team — Sailing —
 Rooters Club
 Other Interests — Abetting gastralgia — South House
 Ambition — Arts at University of New Brunswick



PETER BUSSELL

Winchester — (1 year) — Badminton — Senior Football
 — Track and Field — Red Team — Rooters Club
 Other Interests — Guarding Crichton's love life —
 reading — avid discussion — Playing Sax —
 playing harmonica and watching the Great Bear —
 poetry
 Ambition — Queens
 Favourite Saying — “Ruddy perishing . . .”
 Probable Destination — Missionary in Darkest Africa

BOB COOK

Norrie, Quebec — (2 years) — Senior Football —
Hockey — Silver Team
Other Interests — Telephone marathons — femme fatale
— cards —
Nickname — “Cookie”
Ambition — to be rich without working
Probable Destination — Poet Laureate for General Motors



VINCE CRICHTON

Chapleau — (1 year) — First Hockey — Senior Soccer
— Red Team —
Other Interests — baseball — trapping — Supper Leave
Nickname — “Smokey” — “Bushwacker”
Ambition — Biology at Queens
Probable Destination — A tepee in Northern Ontario
Favourite Saying — “That was pretty foul”



PETER DAVIS

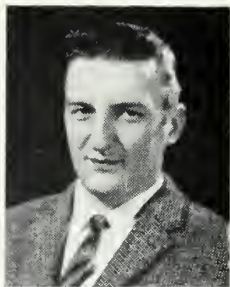
Hamilton — (2½ years) — Soccer — Basketball —
Gold Team — Polikon Club
Other Interests — Freud — poetry — speculation
solving the riddle of life
Nickname — “Alfy”
Ambition — Oberlin College
Probable Destination — ecumenical movement
Favourite Saying — “A little originality!”



CHARLES FERGUSON

Weston — (1 year) — Senior Soccer — Rifflery —
Gold Team — Rooters Club — Camera Club —
Honourary Member South House
Other Interests — Producing Movies — Histrionics —
Avoiding “red tape” of Leaves — piano
Ambition — mastering “Bumble Boogie” —
Medicine at U. of T.
Probable Destination — Dominion Archives preparing
Canadian Legends
Favourite Saying — “I used to . . .”





ANDREW GAICHUCK

Val d'Or, Quebec — (1 year) — Senior Football
 — Gold Team — Rooters Club
 Other Interests — sculpturing — planes — riflery
 — playing piano — Throwing knives — decorating walls
 — reading after lights out
 Ambition — Change the Ontario XIII system
 Probable Destination — Mass Production of Eskimo
 sculpture, Ungava Bay
 Favourite Saying — “Five Aces”



DAVID GRAY

Barrie — (1 year) — Soccer — Red Team —
 South House Elite — Rooters Club — Camera Club
 Other Interests — astronomy
 Ambition — medicine at U. of T.
 Probable Destination — Marrying Sue
 Nickname — “Chubby Chicken”



PETER KEMP

London — (1 year) — Football — Basketball
 Track and Field — Sailing — Silver Team
 — Thirty Club
 Other Interests — golf — tennis — collecting trophies
 visiting — cards
 Ambition — Medicine
 Probable Destination — Big Four??
 Favourite Saying — “Well, what’s going on?”



JOE MARTIN

Milton, Ont — (2 years) — Captain Senior Football
 — Senior Hockey 2 yrs. — Baseball — Track and Field
 — Year Captain Red Team — Thirty Club —
 Glee Club — Chairman School Committee
 Other Interests — Pool — reading Tale of Two Cities
 Ambition — Engineering and/or Bring a girl
 to a dance in a Pick-up again
 Probable Destination — Post-graduate work in Milton

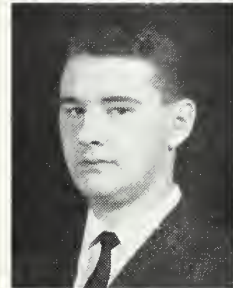
BRUCE RICE

Val d'Or, Quebec — (1 year) — Senior Football —
Blue Team — Rooters Club
Other Interests — Skindiving — Money — Politics —
Radio — Quaker Cracker
Ambition — Science Field, Carleton or Varsity (money)
Probable Destination — Going to school forever
Favourite Saying — “I’ve been called a lot of things
but . . .”



JIM ROSS

Englehart, Ontario — (1 year) — Junior Football —
Hockey — Blue Team — Billiard Club
Other Interests — Poetry — Jazz — Girls — Poker
Ambition — Honours English at Queens
Probable Destination — Beatnik at the House of Hambourg
Favourite Saying — “When I get my T-bird . . .”



BILL SANFORD

Limehouse, Ontario — (1 year) — Junior Football —
Red Team — Thirty Club — Pres. Billiard Club
Other Interests — Fixing pool cues and covering for
Whitey
Nickname — “Willie”
Ambition — To have all cues tipped — Electrical engineer
Probable Destination — *Little* Big Four
Favourite Saying — “You know what I mean”



JOHN SCHRAM

Toronto — (1 year) — Senior Football —
Senior Basketball — Track and Field — Gold Team —
Sports Day Captain — Thirty Club
Other Interests — Bridge? — girls — Bermuda shorts —
visiting other rooms
Nickname — “Joe”
Ambition — U. of T.
Probable Destination — “Would-have-been N.B.A. star”
Favourite Saying — “Get Kemp, Fox, another committee
meeting”





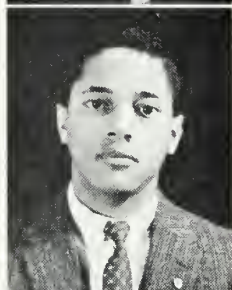
BOB SHERRY

Asbestos, Quebec — (2 years) — Senior Football —
 Senior Soccer — Badminton — Track and Field —
 Silver Team — Sports Day Captain '59-60 — Year
 Captain 60-61 — Canoe and Polikon Clubs Briefly
 Ambition — Teaching
 Other Interests — Spreading the Gospel of 'Homer'
 Probable Destination — a Greek nut-house
 Favourite Saying — "Vive La Nouvelle France"
 Favourite Occupation — Sweeping out the room



BOB SHUTTLEWORTH

Bracebridge — (1 year) — Senior Soccer — Blue Team
 — South House Polikon Club — Camera Club
 Ambition — University of New Brunswick
 Probable Destination — Bell-boy at Bigwin Inn
 Other Interests — Life at South House



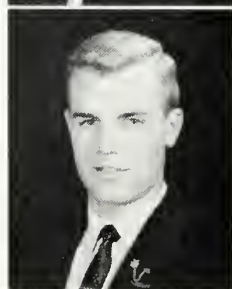
HENRY SIMMONS

Hamilton, Bermuda — (2½ years) — Captain Senior
 Soccer — Blue Team — Thirty Club Secretary
 Other Interests — Jazz — Travelling
 Ambition — Optometry in United States
 Probable Destination — Limbo dancing on a coral beach
 Favourite Saying — "What do you mean, you're going
 to pull the plug?"



ROGER VEALE

Newmarket — (5 years) — Senior Football 2 years
 Hockey — Basketball — Track and Field Red Team
 Rooters Club Secretary 2 years
 Other Interests — School Committee
 Operating projectors for free meals
 Ambition: U. of T. — Teaching
 Probable Destination: Janitor at P.C.
 Favourite Saying: "Like I was saying . . ."



JOHN WHITE

Port Credit — (2 years) — Senior Football — First Hockey
 Track and Field — Gold Team — Thirty Club
 Dramatic Club — Glee Club
 Other Interests — Telephoning — money — women
 Ambition — Forestry at U.N.B.
 Probable Destination — Janitor at Armour Heights
 Presbyterian Church
 Favourite Saying — "I was *not* in Toronto!"

Chapel

CHAPEL AT PICKERING is non-denominational; sometimes there are guest speakers or special services for the reception of new boys, Christmas and Easter, United Nations Day; at other times the service consists only of readings and hymns. But every year, during the winter term, there are two services conducted by the members of the School Relations Committee and their talks are reproduced below.

Relations

*To every man there openeth
A way, and ways and a way
And the high soul climbs the high way
And the low soul gropes the low
And in between on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.*

THIS READING has many important values and I am going to try to show its importance in what I call relations.

Relations are a major part of our life as we must live with people always and to enjoy ourselves we must get along well with these people.

Here at Pickering relations play a major part in all activities; learning in the classroom, playing football, getting on well with the other fellows, and of course our important relationship with Newmarket. In this we all play a part, so co-operation with staff and committee in matters of dress and conduct leads to good relations.

(Your basic relations start at home.)

Here at school we have the "boys" to live with. We must reap certain satisfaction from our friends but so must the other fellows, so we have to go half-way. By this I mean counting on your roommate to wait for you while you are sick.

The relationship with the group carries over into team work and team spirit. We must be willing in a game or practice to share our glories and share others' misfortunes. We must understand our relation to the team and make it the best we can. Bromley can't make yards on a power play if Henry doesn't block his man. Although Henry doesn't get his name in the paper he knows he has made his relation to the team a good one.

Something you have undoubtedly heard here is that the student staff relationship is different from that of other schools. It is. The staff are here in order to educate us in the classroom but on the other hand you live with them and are much closer to talk about personal or academic relations you find difficult to straighten out alone.

One thing we must realize is that this is not a staff-student tug-of-war. You will find the staff reasonable and ready to help but in return you must give your co-operation to complete a satisfactory relationship.

But finally the most important to me, because staff and students change, is the relationship with the school. Will you transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to you, or will you have given nothing in return?

You are all familiar with the ideals upon which the school is run and realize what must be done to use these to your own as well as to the school's advantage.

The quotation states that there opens a high way and a low way. It is easy to say you choose or are following the high way but it is a different thing to live up to it.

The Quakers believe that there is that of God in every man. If I might add to this I would say that a man who thinks negatively acts negatively, but more important a man who thinks positively acts positively.

There is one thing we can remember. We learn from relationship with others.

ROGER VEALE.

No Man is an Island

IN THESE DAYS of rush and bustle, we sometimes see in magazines, cartoons showing men on desert islands far away from the frantic highways along which life passes. Perhaps we wish that we could place ourselves in their position by living on a peaceful island while others solve our problems. Yet what can we gain by isolating ourselves from others? My answer is: Nothing. Why? Firstly, man is a communal being who has instinctively sought the companionship of other men since time immemorial. Secondly, the problems of one man are the problems and responsibility of all and by trying to escape his problems, a man makes it harder for himself and for his fellow men to better their earthly existence.

John Donne has said, "I am involved in Mankind.". So are we all. In this day and age, when one little mistake will spell total doom for us all, we must stand up and be counted. No one can disclaim responsibility in life unless he cares not for life itself. Since one instinct which all living things possess is the fierce determination to overcome the seemingly impossible barriers which are set in life's path, this means that those who are not willing to face up to these odds quickly wither away. Life stimulates men to keep going by its constantly changing events and surroundings. One day we rejoice at the birth of a Prince; the next day we mourn the loss of a former statesman. We are relieved to have passed a difficult set of examinations, yet cautioned because we only got 55%. We go down to Bermuda to escape Canadian winters, yet we miss throwing good Canadian snowballs at some convenient target. It is said that the most vigorous men are those that live in a stimulating, constantly changing environment, because they who live therein must continually strive to obtain life's necessities, yet they have sufficient leisure time to think of the mysteries of life and seek ultimate values. Our first civilization of today — the civilization of the 20th Century, we must all join equally in the task.

No man is an island, entire of itself. Every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. Every man shares the achievements of a genius and the crimes of a criminal. He shares birth and death; joy and sorrow, with other men. Christ said, "Which one of you, when you have found a lost sheep, does not call his friends and neighbours and say to them, 'Rejoice with me!'" Do we not comfort those who lose loved ones or are sick? We should expand this custom so that we

join with our fellow men to repair the wrongs and improve the triumphs and achievements of others as if they were our own.

Last November, most of us saw a very soul-gripping play acted on our stage. Thunder Rock explored deeply the problems of accepting responsibility. You saw how Bob Bloomfield, as Charleston, was confronted by the spirits of people, dead 90 years, who convinced him that he could better find his salvation among men. Al Adams, Elio Agostini, and Ed Soyko were very eloquent in their attempts to show Charleston that he could not escape responsibility; that he had a stake in the world's future other than tending lighthouses, strangely enough, on an island. What their message was, and what mine is, is this: We cannot rise together above the best that is in each one of us; nor can we sink below the worst that is in each one of us. We cannot accomplish our aims unless we strive together. Therefore, let us try to strengthen our community, our school, our nation, by collaborating, each one of us, in a united effort. Let us build bridges of hope, of happiness, and success, to every little island of discouragement and despair. Let us work for the day when we shall recognize that a bell, be it tolling disaster or joy, is tolling for us, one and all.

JOCK BATES

The Splendour of Spirit

SPIRIT PLAYS A VERY VITAL ROLE in our life here at Pickering. Without it, we'd be hopelessly lost in a constant turmoil of arguing and fighting; with it, we can make this school of ours a wonderful place in which to live. As we all know, nothing can defeat a good spirit and it is the task of every person in this room to develop and maintain it.

Last Autumn our Senior football team started the year off on the right foot. They marched through an undefeated season to the Championship. Now, was it because they were all full of team spirit that could not be beaten? Our senior soccer team also displayed possibly an even greater spirit. They faced equal, if not superior, competition, but as we know they also won their Championship. Is it possible that these two teams could have accomplished their feats without some inward power driving them onward?

Before I answer this question, let us have a brief glance at another team here in our school. To date they have played two games, lost both miserably, and been extremely poor sportsmen. It seems rather hard to believe. They have thirteen good hockey players, a good coach, good equipment but no desire. As you can see spirit does make a tremendous difference.

Not only does spirit affect athletics, it is the basis for everything we do from morning till night. It can wipe away fear and mistrust, fight depression, build strong minds and bodies, supply courage, and allow people to accomplish unbelievable feats. Can you imagine life here at Pickering without friendship, trust, and loyalty? Would it be possible to achieve any success or goal? Would it be possible to live under such conditions? Think of spending weeks on end without talking to anyone, without discussing your girl friends or cars, or the big game coming up. It is something we never think of. But yet all these things come indirectly from Spirit. Why, everyday in classrooms, on the athletic fields, and in the corridors, we display enthusiasm and interest. We couldn't possibly get along without it.

Every so often we meet a pessimist, a person that can see no good, only the bad. He goes from room to room complaining about the food, the teachers, the coaches, the teams and everything else he can think of. This is the type of person we don't want. He has spirit all right, but the wrong kind. Sooner or later his attitude spreads to another person, and then from room to room. First thing we know the whole school is depressed. And why? Because one grumpy person feels the world's against him. Naturally we all have this type of day but do we have to make others miserable because we are? This is the time when spirit is really needed. Help cheer this fellow up. It's a boost to you and to everyone else.

How do we create this mysterious feeling. There's only one real way. Do your very best. Regardless of what you are doing, put your last ounce of strength and energy into it. Show the other fellows you refuse to quit. By doing so, it won't be long until someone else digs in just as hard. Then others will automatically decide, "well if they can do it, so can I!" Thus the seed of determination is planted and like every other seed, it grows, spreads and develops until it is much too large and powerful to be suppressed. Once this has been accomplished you and your companions are well on your way to finding a spirit that will never be equalled, and never be lost. And it is this spirit; this feeling of belonging and helping, that will help and sometimes even push you through the rough spots of life. It somehow forms a bond, a closeness, and feeling of loyalty, towards your comrades and school that will never be forgotten. It makes you want to help, defend, and protect those concerned.

I'm sure that you all, at one time or another, have felt the feeling of pride surge throughout your body, and with it desire; desire to do your utmost regardless of the circumstances; desire to reach out, grasp and conquer; desire to display your talents, to prove to yourself and your friends that you can do it. But then the old feeling of hopelessness surrounds you and you feel like your plain, ordinary self again and admit defeat without even trying. But why not try? Why not do just as you were thinking? Why not dive head first into it. You'll be surprised how easy it really is, and at how many others will follow your example.

For the first time since I've been here a group of students decided to have a "Pep Rally". No doubt others in the past had thought of the idea, and dismissed it; being afraid it wouldn't be successful. But these students had the fighting spirits and success is hardly the appropriate word. They had fun, the audience was completely satisfied, and the whole moral and spirit of the school was lifted to what was believed impossible heights.

This is what we need here at Pickering. Granted it's here, but it needs to be brought out into the open. This is our school. It is our job to make it a place never to be forgotten and only we can do it.

KENT BROMLEY

The Other Fellow

THE OTHER FELLOW. Who is the other fellow? He may be an acquaintance, a friend, or even a relative — your mother or father.

Every human being has a different personality. We all are different in many ways. We have our own habits, our own thoughts, our own beliefs, our own good points, and our own faults.

"I can't stand him; he is a stupid idiot!" How many times have we heard others or ourselves say something like this? But what does it mean? It means that

Sam has a characteristic or a habit that we do not like. Does this mean that we condemn him right on the spot? In many cases, this is the result. But do we ever stop and think — do we think that there might be a reason for his fault? One word stands out in this situation — UNDERSTANDING! Do we attempt to analyse him and try to realize — why? We should try to help him, not condemn him. Take the reading, “I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine, he found himself.”

Here at Pickering — in the corridors, in the classrooms in the clubs, on the athletic teams — in every aspect of school life — there is always a someone; a someone who is a braggart, a liar, or a loudmouth, a someone who simply cannot fit in with the group. This person needs to be helped, not persecuted. He should not simply be tolerated, for the situation may get worse. Give him a thought; a thought which may help this someone to confront himself with his own problem and face reality; that an adjustment must be made.

We do not have the right to persecute others. Now is the time while we are in school; before we go out into life, to realize that we must look into a person, with the desire to see his assets, not his faults. We should try to overlook, if possible, any liabilities in a person's character. But if this cannot be done, we must understand him; training ourselves for later life, when the success of our marriages and the up-bringing of our families may well depend upon our ability to understand others.

Let us take a good look at ourselves and others. Let us try to cure the faults of others and ourselves. Let's put “The Other Fellow” on an equal basis with us, the “someone” who needs a critical, but kind word. There is always a reason for this someone to brag, or lie, or act contrary to his real personality when he is in a group.

Therefore, let us try to mould Pickering into one brotherhood of friendship and love for our fellow man.

ST. MATTHEW 7(1-5)

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye. Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

BOB BLOOMFIELD

True Friendship

WE ALL HAVE CERTAIN AMBITIONS and goals, which we want to achieve at some time in our lives. On many occasions, however, these desires are very difficult to obtain, partly because there are many forces; both constructive and destructive, which influence us all. It is a constant battle to ensure that the constructive influences predominate, and to prevent the other kind from affecting us too much.

In my opinion, the greatest influence on our lives is the influence of other people. Especially at Pickering College, where ‘no man is an island entire of itself’, is this influence extremely great. Here we are living together in one community, and we have contact with almost everyone in some way. We will probably never

again have such an opportunity to know so many people of different backgrounds, characters and personalities. Nor is it likely that we shall ever have a better opportunity to gain the kind of friends we want.

Since we are, and always will be, under many good, bad, and indifferent influences, it is a basic necessity for our well-being that we choose our friends carefully. This is not to suggest a test-tube analysis of everyone before attempting to establish a friendship. Friendship does not come through such rigid, idealistic standards in which near perfection is sought. Rather, it is better to let a friendship grow after discovering certain things in common. These similarities can be in many things, from a favourite sport, to, in more rare cases, an entire personal philosophy. Certainly friendship is not always fostered by similarities in people; very many close friends appear to have nothing in common. But for a friendship to exist, people must see in one another certain characteristics, which they admire and consider good.

One might ask at this point what the above paragraph has to do with influences. It is simply that friends, because of the trust, admiration and liking between them, are bound to influence each other. It is therefore vital that we allow only those people, whom we know to be right, to influence us. An open mind toward all ideas is desirable, but one's ability and willingness to reject that which is wrong and unsuitable from a personal viewpoint, is absolutely necessary, lest we become sheep. So many people have ruined their lives because they were led astray by others.

What, then, does true friendship really mean? It can mean different things to different people. To some it may mean just having a friend with whom to go places, or to talk. But true friendship can, and should, give still more meaningful benefits. It should give everyone help in achieving their ambitions. A close friend, exerting the influence we need, so as to become the person we want to be, can give us the extra push that is sometimes needed. In more simple terms, it means giving the right help when someone needs it. With this should go faith and trust. Everyone needs someone he or she can trust; someone to turn to in time of need. In the larger, international sense, it means whole nations and continents striving to help one another to realize their destinies. Much remains to be accomplished here, and we all have responsibility to help in some way.

We should always keep in mind the tremendous importance of our friends to us and of us to them, through our entire lives, for on it may hinge our success in life.

BARRY GARDNER

Teamwork

I DECIDED TO TALK ON TEAMWORK as I believe it is a very essential factor, in developing progress at Pickering College. The Valiant Soul ties in with this topic. The last line states, "Of loyalty to honour and name." If you are loyal to honour on team, or in a classroom, teamwork is achieved and if Pickering takes the place of name in the last line, you will achieve complete happiness and progress for yourselves. The three main fields teamwork includes here at Pickering are: Athletics, Academics, and Social Life. In Athletic teamwork plays a major part. Sure, we have the stars, and the nonstars. These stars are only popular because the remainder of the team works and does their part. This is most evident in football, as a half-back can't make yards if the line doesn't make a hole for him to go through.

In hockey, the goals aren't scored unless the team works as a unit. If the

members of the team decide to play for themselves, the team ends up in defeat. In basketball, if a forward doesn't get the passes, the points aren't scored. The team has to play as a unit. For you to have enjoyment in playing the sport, the fruits of playing the sport, and happiness of victory, the athletic teams here at Pickering need teamwork. My second illustration where teamwork is greatly needed is Academics. You all know the main reason why your parents sent you here. It was to achieve good grades in academics. To attain these marks, teamwork plays an important role. In the classroom the teacher should be able to teach his lesson, and the student should be able to learn the new material. This can only be done if both teams work together. If the student has a bad attitude or bad conduct, trouble arises and the teacher doesn't teach to the best of his ability. The student is not only the loser, but his fellow classmates lose too. There isn't one of you that hasn't seen this happen. Show teamwork! However, there are two parts to academics. They are learning and studying. When the bells for study ring, that means one thing! Study! Some of us don't have to study as long as others do. The Firth House students finish study earlier than those in Rogers House. If they go from their study room to Firth House noisily, the students from Rogers house are disturbed and their study is spoiled till the Firth House students are quiet again.

In Rogers House, the grade niners finish study earlier than does the rest of Rogers House. If they keep reasonably quiet till their bedtime, the senior students are not disturbed during study. Likewise, if when the seniors finish study, they keep reasonably quiet, they won't disturb the lower grades who are trying to sleep at this time.

As far as Academics go, I hope you see how teamwork binds the links of the chain together to reach success. Happiness in Pickering College social life also makes demands upon us through teamwork.

The Pep Rallies and the Dances are not the only social occasions at Pickering where teamwork is required. Teamwork helps to make room-mates happy, to get along with your classmates, and creates friendliness and good-will in the corridors. When you go downtown, you should show a friendly and mature attitude to the people you meet. You can make many friends in this manner.

All aspects of your social life at Pickering can be made more pleasant, as well as make you a better person, if you contribute your share.

In summing up, I have said there are three main areas where teamwork is required at Pickering; Athletics, Academics, and Social life.

Remember! No man is an island! This means we must work together! Let's think about it in the New Year!

JOE MARTIN

Being A Man

TO BE A MAN is one of the most difficult things in life. Some become men at 40 or 50 while others are men at sixteen or even twenty. "Being a man" is very important in life. There are many of us in this school who have the qualities of being a man but don't use it. They take the easy way and let some one else do the thinking for them, while they just follow blindly. This is why in later life criminals and crime exist. Some of us follow the wrong leader and he leads us astray. We have to stop and think. Can we avoid this kind of thing? YES, we can! How? By being a man! Many in this school have the leadership qualities to become men, but they are hidden, because they are afraid to talk up and voice their opinions. They

are afraid of the "boys". If they don't agree with the boys they feel that they will be left out of things. This is wrong. Many a boy's life has been ruined by this simple fact. It can lead to failing at school, stealing, and may effect ones personality negatively. A strong character makes a man. A few of these characteristics are: Independence of Thought, Work, Hard Work, Honesty and Courage. Courage is needed to acquire these qualities. Independence is also needed. Why is it important to speak up when you think somebody is wrong in his action or speech? In your own room, how many times have you spoken up when you knew that the boys were doing wrong? How many times have you just followed the boys? How many times have you let the other fellow do your thinking for you? Be Independent, decide for yourself what is right and wrong and don't be afraid to voice your opinion. Take action and stand up for yourself. Don't be hesitant. Step forward with strong steps. Be a man, and rely upon yourself and your beliefs. This takes courage but without it you can't succeed in being independent. "Will" yourself into having the courage to be independent and thus help yourself to become a man. It may come slowly at first, but soon you will see how much better you feel and you will see how more people will respect you. **HARD WORK** is important. Nothing in life which has any lasting value is easily done. Things just don't come on a silver platter. We have to work for them; some harder than others. The saying goes: "You only get out of it what you put into it." Our independence will only be as strong as is the hard work we put into it. If people see that you are working hard, they will work harder. Your influence can and might rub off on them. For instance, there is one boy in grade 13 who has influenced me greatly in my working habits. He puts all he has into what ever job he does. As a result, he is successful, he profits, and so do many others around him. This also takes courage. To have the courage to sit down and to do some work, while the rest of the guys are horsing around, is really something. If we can do that, we have something to be proud of, because few are strong enough to do that. This in turn shows Independence. Hard work put forth in every phase of life brings its rewards. Work hard, to be a man. **HONESTY** . . . Honesty is a man's quality. Without it, a person finds himself on a downward grade. There is no year set aside in our life when we are taught honesty. Honesty should be all around us. I am quite sure that you will be able to see exactly what is right. The school is a perfect example of a place where honesty should be shown at all times. If one person starts stealing, every person in the school must suffer for it. A ban is put on until the person is caught, or the stolen article is returned. This happens when one or two fellows stop thinking. Realize that other students have rights and property that are to be respected. Respect them and their property. This again takes courage. So, take the courage needed and perform like a man.

COURAGE . . . Courage by itself is an important quality in being a man. All my other points have included courage as a basic requirement. We can have all the others but if we lack courage to carry them through, we are lost. We need courage to face facts that are against us; we need courage to face up to the consequences; we need courage to speak our piece in front of people who might be against us. The courage to say a very simple "no" once in a while will do wonders for us as individuals, for the school. Courage does not come easily, but once you have it don't ever let it go. Through courage you lay the foundation of being a man.

DAVE SEIBERT

Each in His Own Tongue

HERE AT PICKERING, we are faced with many problems, as are many other people of our age. One of these is to find something to rely on, to believe in, and to live by. We all know what it is — Religion.

The word "religion" in itself includes many faiths and beliefs. What are we to believe or is what we believe of any importance to us? Does it matter if we believe in anything or not. One man defines religion as the art of being or doing good. Jesus says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind." He called this the first and great commandment, but then he said, "And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Whether you believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, or that he was just a great man, you should still think over and weigh these thoughts. What Christ meant was, if you love God, you also love your neighbour and this in turn means if you have goodness, you believe in God.

No matter what you talk about or listen to here at Pickering, you often find yourself drifting into the topic of religion. On the whole, we, as teenagers, tend to take religion lightly and regard church rules as correct and true to the word of God but we do not follow them religiously or with great concern. This is not wrong for some people, for we are faced with many other problems and life involves much more than piously praying many hours a day. This is an extreme, of course. So then what are we to believe in or follow?

I once heard the story of a boy who lived here at Pickering. He tried hard, but scholastically he had nothing to offer. Similarly, he was neither a sportsman nor a great leader. Every morning he would wake up at 7:00 and quietly go into each room, close every window and then have his breakfast. What did he prove? What he was doing was helping every boy in the school by closing the windows so that the students wouldn't be cold when they got up a half hour later. This was his way of helping his neighbour. This is what is written in the Bible. This is religion.

Suppose that your grandfather, or even a friend of yours were dying. Under his pillow was \$5,000. To get this money, you would have to kill this human being. Would you kill him? No! Why? Killing is wrong in your mind, therefore something inside you is stopping you. To me then, this decision proves you have goodness and even godliness.

Religion is not the picture we see of a person with a halo over his head, but religion is living a good life, a purposeful life. Every man has goodness and every man must make goodness a conscious reality and not a subconscious presence. Religion is helping your fellow man. We must not hide and keep to ourselves, but we should, especially here at Pickering, in some way, show that we do care for others, by bringing out this goodness.

Therefore no matter what faith you have and how strongly you believe in it; no matter who you are, you have religion, for you have goodness and you have God.

ELIO AGOSTINI

Twenty-five



Dramatics

Thunder Rock

THUNDER ROCK, as presented on Friday, November 25 was certainly worth the time required to watch it. The total effect of the play came across beautifully and is, in my opinion, above par for high school students. The director Mr. Tisdall, did an excellent job as there were almost no awkward stage movements or parts of speeches.

The play itself by Robert Andrey, concerns a man, a lighthouse keeper, who has been through the Spanish Civil War as a reporter, and as a result has had a nervous breakdown. He seeks solace from the world and real people, whom he can't stand, by living alone and creating his own world in his mind. In this world live a small number of people, who were killed in a shipwreck on Thunder Rock a long time before. He becomes so involved with them and his inner conflict, that he finds it hard to get rid of them when he finds the solution to his problem, namely, that life is, after all, worth living. By the time the man who is to relieve him comes, he is completely cured, his imaginary friends have left him, and he is ready to join the Second World War, which has just started.

The lead, Bob Bloomfield, did a particularly good job and carried the action over the occasional dull and wordy spot. The doctor, played by Al Adams, and the bereaved father, played by Elio Agostini, were also well portrayed.

The setting of concrete blocks jutting out into the audience, designed by Mr. Carmichael, was effective and put the audience right in the centre of the play.

In conclusion, the play was well presented, well-acted and all concerned did a creditable job.

CRAIG McKIE





Antarctic Operation

ON DRAMA NIGHT an original one act play was presented for the enjoyment of the school. The play, entitled *Antarctic Operation*, was written, directed, and produced by a member of the school's teaching staff — Mr. Christian Gellinek. The story was based on one of the most important topics of our day — the conflict between the free world and the Communists, or between the Americans and the Russians who were both fighting for control and access to a most valuable mineral. The actors were divided up into two teams — Americans and Russians — and the conflict ensued.

From the first scene the tension was shown, and as the story progressed the tension mounted, as the Americans and Russians met for the first time, through the injury of Mr. Mansion (which was later to prove the deciding point in obtaining the mineral), the operation of Mansion and finally the question before the Colonel: Should he save a comrade's life and give up the mineral to the Russian team to do this, but thereby face a court-martial.

The acting was exceptionally well done seeing as many of the players had never acted before or even faced an audience on the stage. The American Team consisted of Robert Sherry as General Williams, Ronald Veale as Meteorologist Patton, John White as Patient Mansion, Marvin Feigenbaum as Engineer Webster, John Bryson as Geologist Cunningham, Peter Buechler as Journalist Farrow, and Barry Ayoub as Colonel O'Brien. The Russian Team consisted of Joek Bates as Team Leader Kossack, Tony Smethurst as Commissar Smirlov, Jim Beer as Geophysicist Gramin, Dennis Hons as Dr. Kuroff, and Richard Blackstock as Radio Operator Strochlin.

On the whole, the play was very well executed by the actors and Mr. Gellinek added both originality and universal appeal to produce an exceptionally good play. Even to start such a story, courage and determination were needed and by the reaction of the audience, Mr. Gellinek achieved success with his very first play.

BARRY AYOUB

The Glee Club

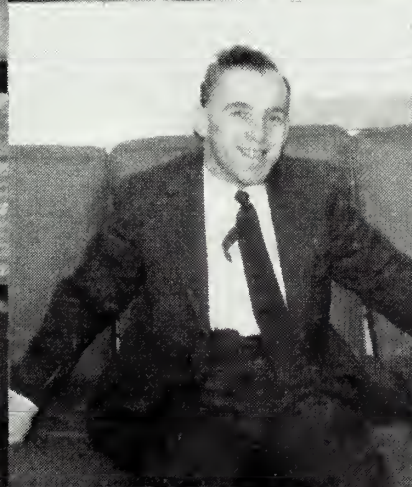
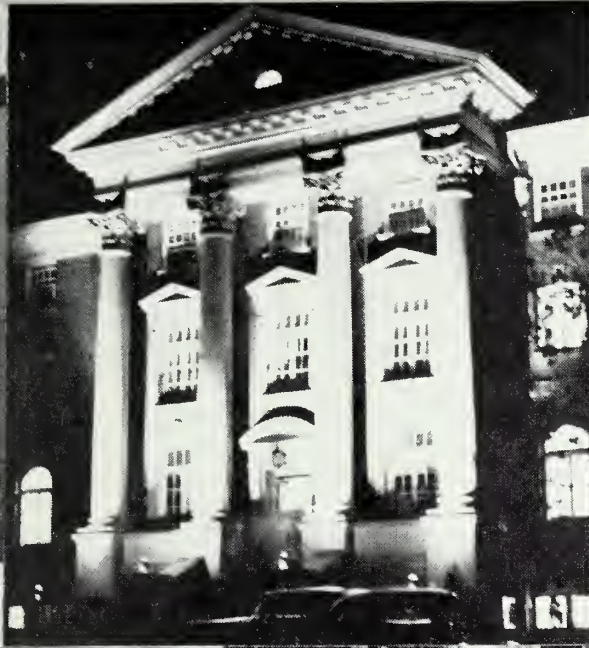


THE ACTIVITIES OF THE GLEE CLUB began rather indirectly last fall with preparations for a new experience in entertainment, the Pep Rally. Musical talent was ferreted from the student body at large and the end product was an extraordinary conglomeration of singers and instrumentalists. The lively quartet of Bloomfield, Soyko, Agostini, and Ryan joined forces with the versatile combo of Adams, Jolly, Ibbetson and Cantor to produce song, dance and rhythm of a most entertaining nature.

The Glee Club began its meetings twice a week in preparation for the Annual Christmas Chapel service. Renditions of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" and "O Little Town of Bethlehem" were followed by "We Three Kings of Orient Are" sung by bass Lee Simmons, alto Bob Bloomfield and tenor Terry Houston, a musical contribution which added beauty and harmony to this service of joy and adoration.

In the winter term the Glee Club continued to meet regularly under the direction of Mr. Lundgren. Members were encouraged to try different types of singing, all with the purpose of moulding a group which could sing in tune, as one voice, and would give everyone experience in singing four-part harmony. There was no operetta where the accomplishments of the Glee Club could be displayed to the parents of the members but an opportunity for live performance was found at the annual Spring Festival. The Glee Club presented a number of Negro Spirituals for the audience on that evening, revealing that the efforts of the previous months had been most worthwhile.





Polikon Club

3rd row: E. Hernandez, D. Halbrook, D. Holden, L. Simmons. **2nd row:** Mr. Purdy, B. Ayoub, P. Buechler, E. Doe, B. Shuttleworth, Mr. Tisdall. **1st row:** B. Pratt, P. Davis, D. Blackstock, J. Botes, W. Coin, B. Gardiner, E. Soyka, J. Beer.



Invitation Clubs

Polikon club

THIS YEAR, the Polikon Club really surpassed all fond expectations of its members. Although as always, Pickering College looks to the Polikon Club to infuse life, thought, and leadership into the school, in 1960-61, the Club more than fulfilled this expectation of constant excellence. Never before has there been such a variety of interesting and controversial debates as was seen in this year's Polikon Club. For example, Bob Bloomfield (H. M. 3rd Concession) is famous in London, Toronto, and Newmarket, for his love of leisure time. Who then will ever forget the emotional eloquence of the hon. member as he pleaded for less leisure time for P.C. students? Who will ever forget the vast sight of relief that swept through the entire Club as the H.M. Beaches (Headmaster of a certain boys' school) effectively demolished the hon. member's arguments and killed the dismay and disillusionment of the other members? The judges of Adolf Eichmann will very probably take note that the Polikon Club voted against death for their infamous prisoner. One unfortunate debate was "Resolved that Bolivia should become an American State" which was utterly defeated. The United States must have been disappointed at this, for she took her feelings out on Fidel Castro and Cuba last April.

Our big moments came last January at the Model U.N. Assembly in Toronto. This year there were six topics, from Human Rights to Revision of the U.N. Charter. As always, it was very rewarding to discuss difficult world problems with other students and to hear, at his best, a statesman like the Hon. Paul Martin, make a speech. Our final banquet was, of course a brilliant occasion, at which, after a meal worthy of gods and the Polikon Club, Mr. John Holmes, President of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs in Toronto, gave a very informative and enjoyable talk about Communism in Asia. The Polikon Club thus ended a year of activity which truly reflected this variation of the motto of the Province of Ontario: 'Ut optimam inepit, sic permanet' — As she began the best, so she remains.

JOCK BATES

Rooters club

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP of Mr. McLaren and Mr. Jackman, the Root of Minus One Club has been very active this year.

Mr. McLaren spoke to us on some facts about mathematics to get the year underway. We saw three films put out by the Bell Telephone Co. on "The Bell Solar Battery", "Trans-Atlantic Telephone Cable", and "The Battle of Magic". We saw two programmes on television put out by Bell. Stu. Blaber spoke on Stereophonic Sound and Dave Gray gave a talk on the universe and various other points concerning space. Roger Veale gave us an interesting account of the book "Aku-Aku". Miss Forsythe gave us a very interesting talk, with slides, of a large-scale dig near Pickering village; a search for remnants of early Indian life. Andy Gaichuk presented his views on space travel, which will be a reality in the near future.

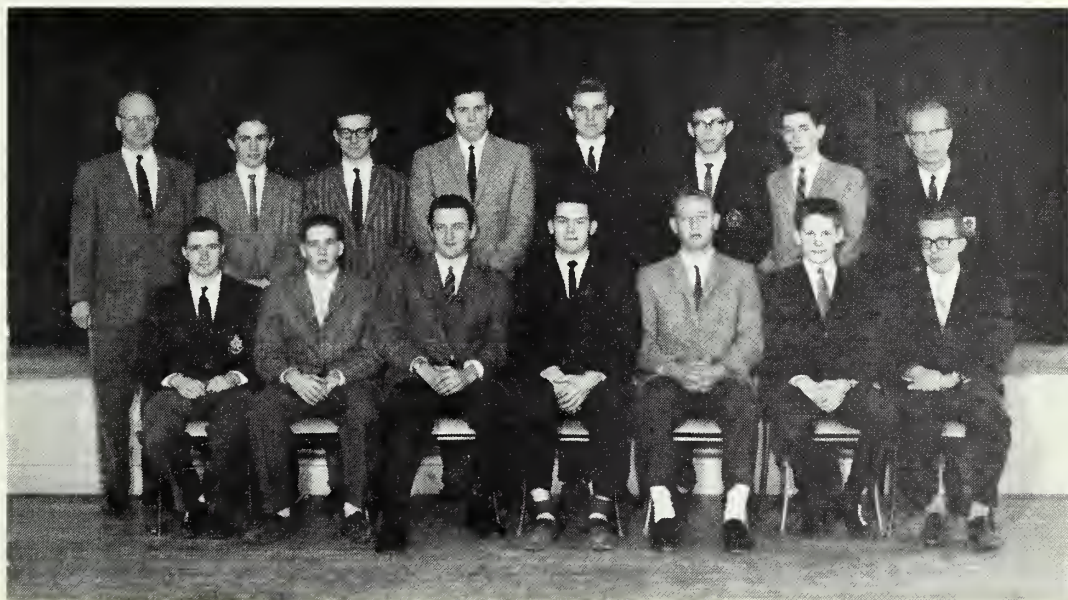
The Club spent a very interesting evening at the University of Toronto Mining and Metallurgy Dept. Bruce Rice gave us an excellent talk on submarines; their history, development, and principle. The Club made another trip to David Dunlap Observatory, where everyone had a close look at the moon. Jim Watt gave a talk on Einstein, and Mr. Jackman showed us three interesting film strips.

At our sumptuous final banquet, Mr. Bell, of Bell Telephone Co. at Oshawa, entertained us with a talk on the Bell Telephone Research Programme.

JIM WATT

Rooters Club

Back Row: Mr. McLaren, B. Brunton, S. Blaber, B. Rice, H. Blankestijn, G. Brebner, J. Watt, Mr. Jackman.
Front Row: D. Gray, P. Bussell, A. Gaichuck, R. Veale, D. Hans, R. Veale, C. Ferguson.





Back Row: Mr. Jewell, D. King, J. Waide, P. Ryan, P. Kemp, J. Fox, P. Ansley, D. Seibert, K. Bromley, B. Sanford.

Front Row: G. Reid, B. Rayner, H. Simmons, J. Martin, R. Smith, B. Henry, E. Agostini, J. Schram.

Thirty club

THIS YEAR, after some distractions the "Thirty Club" began to seek some better topics of discussion. It was a difficult task, but with the new year and Mr. Jewell's invaluable assistance, our efforts met with definite success.

Mr. Brown of Aurora, a rugger enthusiast, began our new agenda and we were off. Mr. Carmichael discussed the problems facing an artist and took time to explain several of his paintings as he saw them. Mr. Jewell described and demonstrated the art of copper enamelling.

John White described work with the Forestry at Sioux Lookout and Paul Ryan told of his work in the mine at Timmins.

The final Banquet ended a most successful season as all members enjoyed a fine meal and the movie "Mr. Cory".

By the end of the year our aims had been realized and we of this year's club hope the next year's members will be able to continue to greater heights with constructive and responsible leadership.

Executives: Paul Ryan, Henry Simmons, Bob Rayner, Elio Agostini, Riek Smith, Henry Simmons, Bill Henry, Joe Martin, Glenn Reid.

Silver Salts (Camera) Club

OUR OPENING MEETING was held early in October in order to organize the program for the year.

Mr. Holmes kindly consented to participate as staff representative and the members elected Barry Ayoub as secretary, David Grey as treasurer and Tony Smethurst as President. Members were Grant Ballard, Bob Bloomfield, Charles Ferguson, Dave Holbrook, Dave Holden, Frederick Schuch, Bob Shuttleworth, Bill Wagner and Gavin Winchester.

The meetings were spent discussing effective types of photography, printing and developing.

Mr. Holmes showed some very entertaining colour slides he had taken overseas.

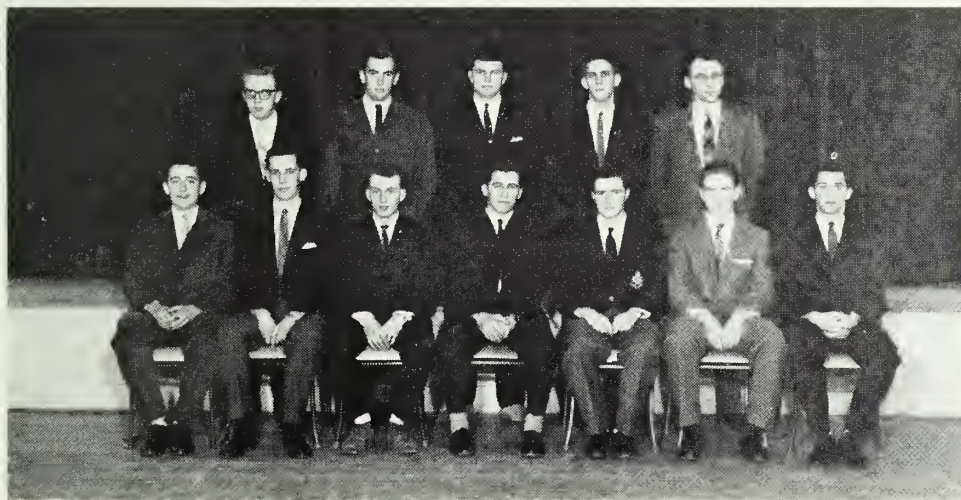
The Camera Club has the task each year of covering the main events at Pickering, including football and soccer games, New Boys' day, pep rallies, badminton, dramatics and individual portraits for those who wish them. The meetings were held on alternate weeks and were well catered. The final meeting held in early May was quite enjoyable, due to the cooking skill of Miss Forsythe and Mrs. Holmes.

The club as a whole accomplished much in 1960-61 and all the members had an entertaining and enjoyable year.

TONY SMETHURST

Back Row: C. Ferguson, D. Holbrook, F. Schuch, B. Wagner, Mr. Holmes.

Front Row: G. Ballard, D. Holden, B. Ayoub, T. Smethurst, D. Gray, G. Winchester, E. Hernandez.



Thirty-three

Stamp Club

THIS YEAR, for the first time, a group of eager stamp collectors, veterans and beginners, formed their own club, the P.C. Stamp Club, with Jock Bates as Chairman and Mr. Holmes as Staff Adviser. Meeting every two weeks, the members made many profitable trades and purchases of stamps during the year.

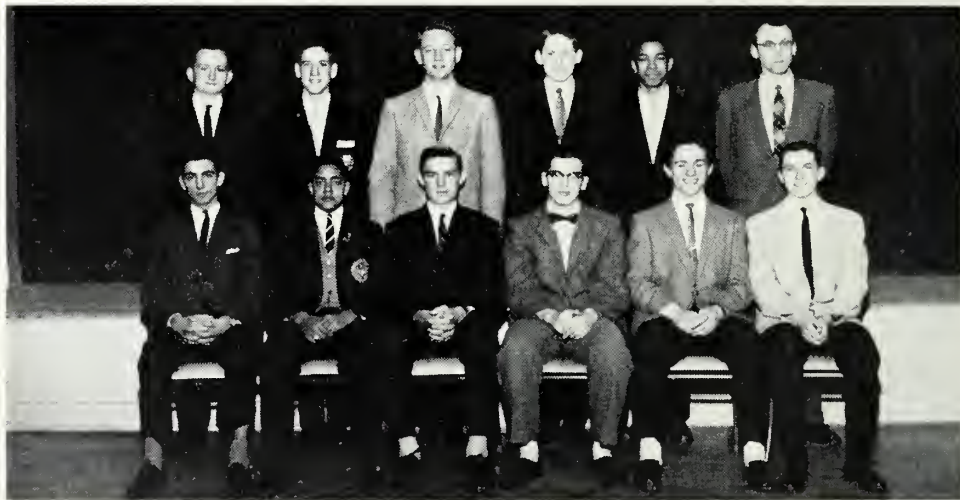
The beginners learned about the science and background of stamp collecting. The Club members made good use of a large lot of stamps kindly given by Mr. Renzius.

The cosmopolitan membership (half the members live outside Canada), the always ample knowledge (and duplicate stamps) of Mr. Holmes, and the ever-present Scott's Catalogue, were indispensable to the Stamp Club, which ought to have a glorious future. In one year, it has become an integral part of Pickering College life.

JOCK BATES

Back Row: B. Kirsheman, J. Wesley, D. Hons, R. Veale, R. Robinson, Mr. Holmes.

Front Row: D. Wayne, L. Simmons, H. Blankestijn, J. Bates, B. Brumton, J. Beer.



Thirty-four

Back Row: B. Headon, D. Wayne, T. Taggart, D. Brown. **Front Row:** G. Ballard, Mr. B. R. Lundgren, J. Wesley.



The Philosophy Club

THE PHILOSOPHY CLUB for the year '60-61 was composed of six grade nine intellectual individualists whose ideas and participation were responsible for a very successful year.

The club, as the name implies, discussed particular philosophies such as Plato's theory of justice, and his ideas on the formation of a state.

In discussing these philosophies we went off on tangents and our topics varied from discussions on law to talks on religion, socialism, and capitalism.

From the ancient Greek philosophers we jumped up to the 17th century and John Milton's views on education:

First, to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit for an Academy, and big enough to lodge 150 persons, where 20 or thereabout may be attendants, all under the government of one who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct and oversee it done . . . This number less or more, thus collected, . . . shall divide their day's work into three parts as it lies orderly — their *studies*, their *exercise*, and their *diet*.

John Milton, *Of Education* (1644).

Our philosophical meanderings eventually led us to the modern era and debating: the subject, NATO. Resolved that: "N.A.T.O. should be abolished." Prof. R. M. Stingle was the guest judge of the debate which was won by Tom Taggart and Don Brown.

Our final banquet was held on May 22nd. After a most enjoyable meal we discussed various current affairs and finished the evening with a number of poems composed by the club members. Thus we ended a most successful year.

D. WAYNE



Social Activities

THE SOCIAL LIFE at Pickering College has been extremely successful this year. The school spirit has been much better in comparison to past years, enabling our many extra-curricular activities to be enjoyed to the fullest extent.

The first main event of the year is New Boy's Day — a day loved by the Old Boys and dreaded by the New Boys, who must act as slaves for their "most honourable masters". Throughout the day, the cries of "bow, slave!" echo in the halls. The festivities as always come to an end with skits put on by the new boys, followed by a movie.

This year our spirit was heightened by a number of "Pep Rallies," staged by some members of the student body, and consisting of music and skits. Usually the rallies were held on a night before a big game. This was a great factor in our fine spirit and wonderful sports record.

The first event of the year for the boys to introduce their sweethearts to the school was the Football Dance. The decorating skill of John Palmer, Mr. Jewell and Mr. Carmichael made it a beautiful affair, and a good time was had by all. Anyone familiar with our Assembly Hall would never believe it to be the same room.

Before Christmas another dance took place with the Ontario Ladies College. It seemed quite successful, but unfortunately a return dance did not take place, as had been the custom in previous years. Perhaps next year our two schools will go back to tradition.

After Christmas, the Chairman's Ball was held. This evening was one of the most wonderful of the year. Preceding the dance an exhibition of skill and determination took place as our Senior Hockey Team tried to defeat the Senior Basketball Team at their own game. Unfortunately their hopes and dreams fell asunder as the basketball team won by quite a substantial margin. Then a dance began that proved to be one of the best Chairman's Balls in many years. The ball seemed to be alive with the gaiety of the evening. We hope that next year it will be an even greater success.

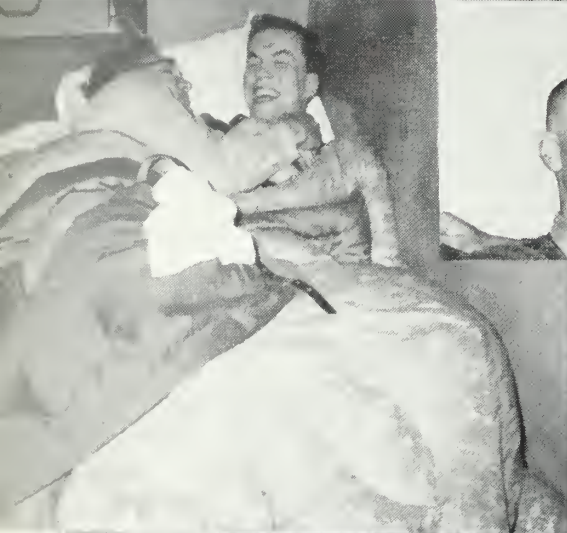
The biggest and best dance of the year is the Spring Formal. The 1961 addition was no exception. Distance is no object to think about for this dance. Those who came felt it was well worth their efforts as soon as they entered the "dreamland of blue" appropriately called "Mood Indigo?" Bill Henry did a great job as head of the decorating committee. Many who came made it a weekend date as they remained for the Quaker Relays held on the following day.

As usual, the Hallowe'en and Christmas banquets were full of gaiety and colour. Tom Taggart won first prize at the Hallowe'en Banquet for his portrayal of Mr. Bruce Lundgren. Santa Claus arrived on schedule at the Christmas Banquet with his helper "Bloomers," to fill the hearts of Pickering with joy.

On looking back at our school year, we can only conclude that it has been a social masterpiece, and hope and trust that next year will be even a better one.

BOB BLOOMFIELD

ODD SHOTS



Spring Festival

HUMOUR! DRAMA! Pathos! Action! Crime! History! Human Interest! Mournful sounds! These were only a few of the exciting and exhilarating sounds and emotions given to the highly perceptive and appreciative audience which attended the annual Spring Festival at Pickering College on the evening of May 9, 1961.

We were treated to three short plays. The first one, produced by the thespians of Firth House and directed by Mr. A. H. Jewell, was an historical drama about the legendary mediaeval English "Good-will robber", Robin Hood. The trials and tribulations which England was suffering under the tyranny of the Prince-regent John were depicted through the speeches and deeds of this happy little band of robbers who were striving to aid the downtrodden masses. Keith Doe gave an excellent interpretation of this hero who, in the end, was raised to the nobility by his lawful sovereign, King Richard I. The latter role was amply portrayed by Bill Bartley — the very essence of knighthood and chivalry. Indeed, all the actors in this little piece played their parts with skill, spoke their lines loudly and distinctly, and seemed to enjoy the whole effort.

Grade Nine's play, "No Honour Among Thieves", an adaptation of one of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, showed us to what depths of depravity the human being can stoop. Under Mr. McLean's guidance David Wayne as the Pardoner and narrator gave us a fine commentary on the criminal activities of the three thieves — A. Wills, D. Rideout, and C. Beaton. We were shocked by the double-dealing and dishonour displayed by these wretched creatures. Surely, the entire student body of Pickering College was swept off its collective feet by the violence and depravity of this story. Two other players in this piece should be cited for their noble efforts. Who could have depicted death better than John Scott? And I am positive everyone was absolutely thrilled by the golden tones and extraordinary acting ability of George "Olivier" Howie. This, indeed, was a great night for Canadian theatre!

The last play, "Girl-Shy" by Grade Ten and directed by Mr. Tisdall, was a story of a typical army-barrack's practical joke perpetrated on a naive and unsuspecting soldier. D. Holden played the latter role extremely well. One would almost think he had a natural ability for this part. W. Jolly and B. Kirschman did not exactly seem to be real military types who would do anything to protect "Old Glory", while B. Duder lumbered across the stage with the grace and elegance of a General Sherman tank. The best acting in the play was probably done by E. Doe who had the double part of Leroy, the boastful bit actor, and "Mergatroyd", Wiggy's sexy girl friend. He acted both parts convincingly. All in all, this was an enjoyable farce.

Between the plays we were entertained by the two glee clubs. The Firth House choir, under Mr. Jackman's direction, sang a few of their favourite numbers in their own inimitable style. The Rogers House choir, directed by Mr. Lundgren, rendered a few spirituals. The highlight of this part of the programme was the opportunity it gave the audience to hear the very lovely baritone voice of Lee Simmons. The choir is also to be commended for its rich tone and fine quality.

Once again we had a good evening. This is one tradition of Pickering College which should be continued for many decades.

J. D. PURDY



Preparatory Department

W. H. Jackman, B.A., M.Ed., Director

Robert A. Carmichael, A.O.C.A.

A. Z. Palmer

A. H. Jewell, Housemaster

N. W. MacLean, B.A.

B. E. Orton

THIS YEAR'S PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT was made up of boys from near and far: from Newmarket, Richmond Hill and King City; from Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Goderich, Chatham, Brantford, Hamilton, Oakville, Metropolitan Toronto, Peterborough, Kemptville, Smiths Falls, Oxford Mills, Arnprior, Ottawa and Montreal; and from Woods Hole, Mass., and Venezuela.

When this issue of *The Voyager* comes out in print, this year's Prep will be nothing but a memory. Never again will these boys be together as a group. Each will remember this year with a different emphasis. We hope that all of their memories will be fond ones. We shall attempt in the following paragraphs to help them to recall most of the many activities of the year. Some of these paragraphs are from our little paper, the *Pickering Prep Press* and some were written especially for *The Voyager*.

At the beginning of the fall term the staff picked five boys to act as House Committee. These boys then chose their own chairman and vice-chairman. At Christmas these five were automatically nominated and the students nominated three more. This was followed by an election in which five of the eight were chosen for the winter term's House Committee. For the spring term the boys nominated eight, of whom five were elected. The three committees for this year were:

	<i>Fall</i>	<i>Winter</i>	<i>Spring</i>
Chairman	—John Stewart	Brian Dean	Robbie McTavish
Vice-Chairman	—Robbie McTavish	Robbie McTavish	Bill Craig
	Keith Doe	Pedro Herrera	Brian Dean
	Brian Dean	Bill Bartley	Peter Prevett
	Tom Crowe	Steve Janossy	Steve Janossy

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE'S JOBS are many and include checking rooms, taking the head of a table when a master is away, and looking after Saturday night bedtime snacks. They act as leaders among the boys and as spokesmen for the boys in discussions with the staff on house matters. This year's committee accepted their responsibilities and duties quite well.

Early in the fall the Prep picked two soccer teams, which were called "A" and "B" teams. During the soccer season the A team played five games and won them all. As for the B team, they played four games and won three of them. Among the schools played were St. Andrews, Oak Ridges, Upper Canada and Hillfield. On behalf of the two teams we wish to give many thanks to Mr. Gellinek and Mr. Campbell for doing a splendid job in coaching.

Every year the school has a banquet for Hallowe'en. All the boys dressed in costume. The waiters for the dining room were the masters. After dinner we changed into our ordinary clothes and saw films in the assembly hall.

This year the Prep was quite active in hockey. We played seven games and won three of them. The teams we played were St. Andrews College, Hillfield College, Upper Canada College and Lakefield. Our thanks to Mr. Orton and Mr. Menard for a fine job of coaching.

The morning of Visitors' Day the Prep boys were busy tidying up Firth House. We started to receive visitors at 2:30 p.m. At three o'clock in the gym there was a basketball game between the seniors and the Old Boys. During half-time the Prep put on a tumbling display. There was a notebook exhibit in the grade VII classroom and the model railroad and craft display were in the grade VIII room.

Mr. Jewell invited us to go down to his apartment on different evenings, about five of us at a time. He did this because it was nearly Christmastime. We had all sorts of refreshments and listened to some music.

One night after dinner we were invited to go to Mr. Jackman's home for a Christmas party. We saw slides of the first Canadian Christmas Carol, and we heard the record of Dickens' A Christmas Carol. Then we sang Christmas songs and had refreshments, including punch, Christmas cake and cookies. We thanked Mr. and Mrs. Jackman for a very enjoyable evening.

On the last night before our Christmas holidays the whole school filed into the senior dining room. The room was elegantly decorated for the Christmas season. After dinner Santa Clause arrived and distributed various gifts to the staff and a few of the students. Following that we sang Christmas carols which ended the program.

In the second term Mr. Jewell organized a badminton tournament (for grade 8) which was played every Tuesday night. From all of these games our winners were chosen who played their final game one Tuesday night after study.

We offer our thanks to Mr. Jewell for taking his free time to give us some fun.

Each year the boys of the Prep go to Limberlost Lodge, near Huntsville, to spend a week of "School in the Woods". During our stay at Limberlost this year we had a wonderful time skiing. We had several men from the Department of Lands and Forests come to us and talk to us on conservation, trapping, parks and lumbering.

Killing is Comedy was the first play put on this year by the Prep Dramatic Club in the Firth House Little Theatre. The 35-minute play was a success in the eyes of both cast and audience. Credit must be given to John Stewart who organized and prompted the play.

On May 9th the Prep, as their share of the Spring Festival, put on a play, *Robin Hood*, directed by Mr. Jewell, who was assisted by Mr. MacLean. The sets were done by Mr. Carmichael. Bill Bartley played King Richard, and Keith Doe played Robin Hood. Between the plays, the Prep sang. On the whole, the evening was a success, and all who took part were rewarded with refreshments.

In the spring, Mr. Jewell helped organize croquet, with which we had much fun.

In the Quaker Relays, two Prep boys helped to set a new record. Pedro Herrera and John Stewart and two other boys set a new record in the C. R. Blackstock race, so we offer our congratulations to them for doing so.

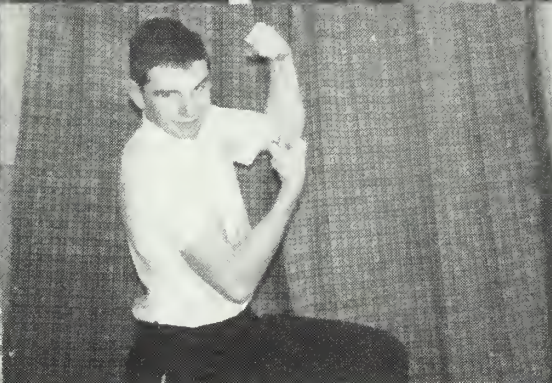
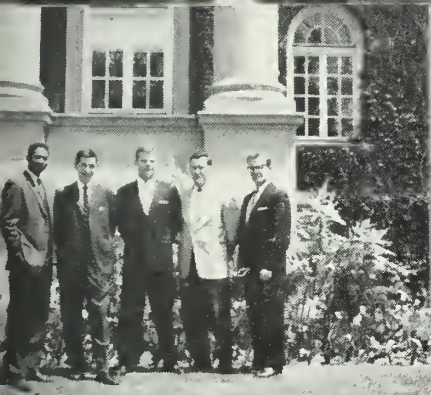
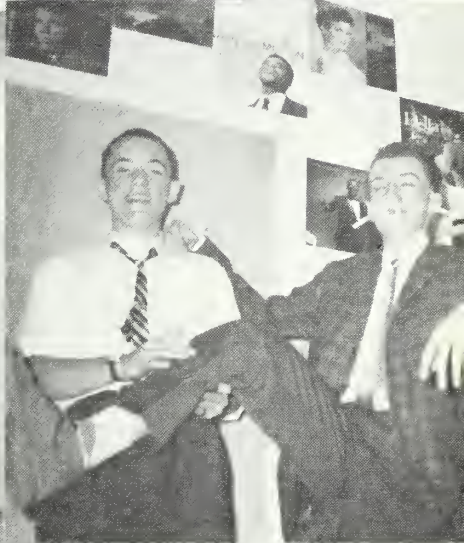
In early spring some men were out at the back of Firth House, putting some stakes in the ground. Work was on its way for the new wing. When it is complete there will be two classrooms, one on top of the other, ready when the school opens in September.

Sports Day was a big day for the Prep Department. Although four records were equalled, the only two records broken during the day were broken by Pedro Herrera — the Midget 75-yards and the shot put. David Dean was the standout in the Bantam class. Everybody, of course, enjoyed the refreshments served in the assembly hall afterwards.

The final event for our department was the Firth House annual dinner. Among our distinguished guests was Mr. Wright, housemaster of Macdonald House, St. Andrews College, who spoke to us on the importance in life of a good balance of the physical, the academic, and the spiritual. Mr. Menard awarded the Prep athletic crests to those who had earned them. Finally, Mr. Beer presented the Rogers Cane, awarded annually to the boy making the greatest contribution to community living in Firth House, to Pedro Herrera, and then he led us in Auld Lang Syne.

THE ANNA BELUGIN MEMORIAL PRIZE

The Anna Belugin Memorial Prize is donated each year by Mr. A. N. Belugin in memory of his wife. It is awarded to a student in Grade X or Grade XI in recognition of thoughtful scholarship and lively intellectual curiosity. This year the award was made to Peter Buechler, a student in Grade XI, who comes to Pickering from La Paz, Bolivia. The presentation was made this year at our Closing Dinner by Mr. David Rogers, Vice-Chairman of the Board.



odd shots
.....



Tutors

THE LOT OF THE TUTOR is an arduous but happy one. He is both student and master. He coaches many teams, puts people to bed and wakes some of them up. There were five tutors this year: two in Rogers House, two in Firth House and one in South House.

In Rogers House the Royal Llama R. B. Hens and Mister stoic Himself, Harrold Barney Campbell prevailed for better or for worse. They lived in suite A, and although they talked little to each other (H. B. Campbell was not of Royal Llamman Blood), we believe they had a peaceful year.

Firth House was under the oppressive domination of "smiling" Brian Orton and "chubby" Tony Palmer. They had faith in humanity at the start of the year, and the fact that they can still smile shows that they have survived their ordeal.

It is not often that a "cat-lover" becomes a tutor, but Dave King in South House under the guidance of Mr. Tyrrell soon saw their finer qualities. He revelled in the joy of watching them wander playfully over his room. One should not take seriously the rumour which was circulated at the end of the year that Dave now hates cats.



*Mr. B. R. Lundgren (Staff Rep.), R. Hous (Staff Rep.), J. Beer,
J. Bates (Editor), B. Bloomfield, J. Ross.*

Quaker Cracker and Voyageur

THIS YEAR THE QUAKER CRACKER embarked on a policy of printing the best material it could find and putting out issues full of interesting articles. Good sports and social reporting and a new idea, promptly copied by the Reader's Digest, called Springboard for Discussion, which tried to present controversial topics which could be debated by the students were features of the 1960-61 Crackers. The Cracker found itself a motto "Not only not less, but greater" and in its three issues of the school year, it constantly upheld this masthead through hard times and easy times.

In order to accomplish such aims, the Cracker staff worked long hours turning the many contributions into the brilliant pieces which appeared in the Cracker. *Jock Bates* was the editor, supported valiantly by *Jim Ross*, creative Literary Editor, *Jim Beer*, Sports Editor, *Bob Bloomfield*, Social Editor, and *Mr. Lundgren* and *Ron Hous* as Staff representatives.

JOCK BATES

Literary

THIS YEAR, as always, the Quaker Cracker has been most fortunate in the quality of the articles and stories submitted for publication. Here, in the literary section of the *Voyageur*, are presented the best of the literary works of this past year.

Descriptive essays are in the majority, and while it may seem that they are over-emphasized, all are excellent pieces of work and deserve the highest consideration. As is usual in any place where a group of people live together for a period of time, several ideas are brought forth, which are both different and interesting. Many articles have been written this year. Unfortunately there is not sufficient space in the *Voyageur* for them all, but several have been selected for this edition. Two satires in the form of short stories have also been included.

Poetry, which is too rarely appreciated by most people, especially at a young age has found expression this year. Included in the *Voyageur* are four selections of poetry, each dealing with a serious subject, for your enjoyment and consideration.

Here, then, is the best of Pickering College writing for 1960-'61. I sincerely hope that the selections may prove enjoyable to you, and that you will re-read them frequently in the future.

JIM ROSS
Literary Editor

The Ant

ALBERT, THE ANT, crawled slowly from his underground home and blinked rapidly as his eyes met the brilliant sunlight. Albert hated to get up in the morning, but as he stood there on his little mound of sand, he realized that he was letting the rest of the clan down, and himself, by not doing his share of the work. He then raced across the terrain like a late travelling salesman, and hurriedly read his day's agenda off his battle-station bulletin board. Satisfied that he was still a member of the happy band, Albert cruised off to work.

His first task was somehow to make himself an elephant and pack a monstrous piece of bread back to camp. Albert quickly tore into his piece of bread and became a shark ripping a man in two. He then cut those two pieces up with a vengeance and proceeded to lug a hunk off like a late freight with a loose caboose.

Albert worked and worked, and as he worked, the sun beat down upon him, and he began to sweat and grow tired. He began to think of rest and sleep, for contrary to human belief, ants (especially Albert) hate working; they only work because they like to impress people with their systematic government and style of working, and since they have been working like beavers for so long, they cannot stop. As Albert pushed and pulled at another piece of bread, he thought of how enjoyable it would be to bask in the smiling sun and to bathe in a warm pool. Albert liked to swim, but he hadn't had one often for he had to sneak off like a thief in the dark so that he wouldn't be missed. Today Albert felt like striding boldly down to the water and plunging in, in broad daylight and in front of everyone's knobby eyes!

Albert suddenly made up his mind that he was going to stop work, so he dropped his piece of bread as if it were a hot toaster, and tore like a yellow flash down the hill to the pond. Albert barely heard the gasps of amazement behind him, but when he plunged like a frog into the water, he heard someone say that he had gone berserk and was trying to drown himself. But Albert made himself into a cork and floated on top of the water, blowing whale-like sprays.

Gradually, everyone dropped their work and came, like Albert, to the water's edge. Some, the braver ones, even dared to go into the water. Suddenly, a hush came over the crowd, for the leader of the colony was standing up to speak. The leader was very angry. He called the ants sheep for following Albert, and Albert a fool for doing such a thing; yet he seemed sympathetic, for in his old age, he too had grown tired. As they all stood around, they devised a plan, under which ants would have a holiday every six days (later it became every five) and thus they felt that they would get more done, because they would be well rested.

Unfortunately, it didn't work out that way, for now there are no ants where Albert once lived, only a desert. The colony deteriorated rapidly after that first holiday, because it just made them want more and more holidays, and finally, due to lack of work, their muscles became too weak to work, and they died.

ROBERT HOMER SHERRY

The Prospect for Man: Overture or Finale

POSSIBLY THE BIGGEST NEWS of 1961 will turn out to be the magnificent Russian feat of sending a man into space and bringing him back safely. The whole world can take pride in this feat, whether they belong to the Communist Party or the John Birch Society, for this achievement has opened up a limitless field of scientific exploration and activity which knows no man-made restraint either scientific or ideological. There is every chance in the world that mankind will gain immeasurably by this advancement of human knowledge. At the same time, the Russian feat adds gasoline to the fire of human problems. Unless this fire is quenched, there can be only one result — death for man and the hard-earned civilization which man has tried to build on earth.

Since 1900, man's scientific knowledge has increased like a rolling snowball: gathering strength, size, speed and new shape endlessly. However, since 1945, the snowball has gathered such speed that there is a real and vital danger that it will overwhelm man. When man invented the atomic bomb, he invented a device whose effects cannot be controlled. This device was used to stop a war, but since 1945, that war has become much smaller in relation to the after effects of that one bomb. It is as if a medicine had been administered to cure a stomach-ache, but in doing so, the patient was given a headache which has become ear-splitting in 1961 while the stomach-ache now seems like a momentary pain. Hydrogen bombs have compounded the situation. Now the prospect of space travel, while thrilling, makes one ask if space is to be used for the well-being of all mankind or to further the designs of a few selfish militarists who are currently leading the world closer to oblivion. The one prospect for man is: Disarm or Die.

Disarm or Die. Three little words with a meaning as powerful as the energy in the atom. Fortunately the strength of these words can be neutralized if their message is put into effect — but put into effect by the whole world. Science has made the world much too small to allow the ever-growing arms stockpile of Russia, China, and the United States. Science has made the world too small to endure for long the blind quarrel which the United States and Russia are carrying on. The leaders of the world must open their eyes to the fact that the world cannot survive another war because the only way living men could find food after such a war would be to eat the radioactive flesh of other men, living or dead. Peace negotiations and disarmament are a must for mankind. World leaders must recognize that the weapons now in man's possession are beyond man's control and that space, used improperly, might very well be the last straw. Therefore atomic energy must be outlawed as a means of conducting a war and space must never be used for purposes of war. If given these points as part of international law, assured of strict enforcement by international agencies, and having agreed to obey as it would national laws, the world has a glorious opportunity to better its existence. But denied these guarantees, the world will soon discover, before the last notes of the requiem die out on its stage, that science, its discoveries, and its feats have been like fire — a good, faithful servant, but also a very hard and deadly master.

JOCK BATES

A MAN MUST HAVE HIS CAR

*How many men
Walk about the streets with humility
But put them behind the wheel
Of a car, and they seem to grow
In stature, and become proud
And erect in their bearing.*

*For the touch of the wheel
And the feel of the accelerator
Is ecstasy. Here they are king,
The car their domain.
They become young again;
Their strength is their car
And they challenge and defeat,
And once again feel whole.*

*For without a car they are lost
They become like a fish out of water
Or a dog without a home.
They become one of the mass
And can only gain their freedom
Once again — behind the wheel.*

BOB COOK

*Truth is not to be thrown at people
In a rage of excitement,
It must be laid before them gently
Some will laugh,
Others will turn away in disgust
But a few will reach out bravely and grasp it.*

ROBERT CARMICHAEL

Autumn's Death and Winter's Sleep

THE SUN WAS SHINING in the sky and the sky and earth were shining more beautifully than the sun. The trees were bare and the soil was dressing in her most beautiful suit which was of leaves of every kind of colour. The clear waters were blue like the sky and in the air the ducks were flying by thousands in their raider formation. There were so many that they covered the sky and the sun like rapid clouds moving from horizon to horizon. The earth was plentiful with life, and the sweet air gave to us the most wonderful aromas. In the fields, the cows were eating a wonderful green grass, and far from us in the mountains the goats were playing at their dangerous games. I heard them with terrifying understanding, but I was enjoying this beautiful panorama as if it were a vision. The night was falling, and the cold obscurity was felt by my body as I walked into my house.

I walked out of my house, and the desolation was general. The trees were bare and the land was desolate and humid, and the clouds were covering the great sun and the blue shining sky, and upon the land it was a vicious thing, floating and vanishing at a distance. I could not stay and look. I returned to my house, and I sat down in front of the fireplace. Why, but why, was the land deserted? Why the death that was around me? I asked myself this, and I knew the answer. It was because nature was inflexible and the winter would have to come.

I woke up one morning and I saw a clear white thing, falling more and more. It was snow, and so much was falling that the houses beside me were blinded, and the wind, with incredible ferocity was moving this snow from one to the other side. But soon this tournament was over, and the sky thinned again, and the sun too, and the land, covered by a white, smooth, and fragile snow, was singing the death of nature, because the trees were bare, the animals were asleep and the life was gone. The land was sleeping.

CLAUDE MICHAAN

A Time

AT FIRST WHEN YOU LOOKED AT HIM you would think him no different from any other old man lying asleep in a peaceful glade in the forest. But then a second look showed a peacefully wrinkled old face, the lower half encased in a perfectly snow white beard which draped over an old, faded, but majestically resplendent white robe. His wrinkled old hands, the fingers looking slim, sure and strong were curled around a long brown staff, one end of which was curled in a peculiar "S" shape.

The trees around the peaceful figure were in the midst of a change, from muted shades of green, to brilliant flashes of red, orange, yellow, and of course brown, almost to one with an extensive imagination as if the sun's rays had been trapped in these once rather uninteresting shades of green. The air around the sleeper and the trees had grown somewhat colder, the songs of birds that had once reverberated in happy confusion from one tree to another, from one branch to another, throughout the whole forest were now gone, and only the occasional challenge of the last hardy soul could be heard once in a while.

A second man now approached. He was also old, his face tired and wrinkled, but with the step of a tired, happy—contented man, a man with the look of a job well done. His costume was multi-coloured, one might almost say like the brown of the trees to which he now cast his shining eyes. He gazed at the trees, the ground, then to the trees again, and slowly a smile spread across his wrinkled face. With a slight mutter he turned from his idleness for he was not one inclined to allow day dreams to invade his busy life, and kneeling by the figure on the ground he shook it gently.

The man on the ground rose to a sitting position, blinked his eyes and running a delicate hand through his silken hair, he remarked to the man at his side. "It has not seemed this long."

The man on the ground rose, stretched, turned his blue eyes to the trees, and with a sad smile, turned to the other, who had now settled himself comfortably in his position, and said,

"I am sorry I will have to disturb the work you have done, Autumn. You have done an exceedingly fine job this year."

Autumn replied to his successor as his eyes closed, "I have had my turn. It is now up to you Winter. I shall see you soon?"

Winter nodded "Yes", and with a sigh and one more look at the resplendent trees, he squared his frail shoulders and went off to do his job.

AL ADAMS

REALITY

*Sweet thought of mine,
You mean more than contemplation.
A being so lovely
Yet only in the mind.*

*O dependable brain
I mean no offence,
But you fail to capture
The supreme divinity before me.*

*A silhouette so mystic
That fails creation by man
In a mode that could near duplication.
Feel no sorrow, for it is fathoms beyond your ultimacy.*

*But fear not, hope has yet to diminish.
For what man would wish the power
To mould in his gray flesh
A revelation that can be enveloped in vibrant life.*

PETER DAVIS

Concerning Education

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, when he was opening a new technical college, told his audience "If the students are to be of real value to industry, you must foster in them an adventurous spirit and flexible minds. Without that, you might just as well turn this college into a computing machine factory."

This is the true state of learning, that students at Pickering must be made to realize. You cannot pour knowledge into a mind that is resistant to it. An open and questing mind is a must for any student.

The method of learning at university is quite unlike that which is employed in a high school or college such as ours. In university, the incentive to learn rests solely with the student. It is his duty to profit from what is offered to him. The onus to work is the students alone.

At Pickering the masters realize that to keep the students interested, they must instil in them a thirst for knowledge. This is not accomplished by merely handing out mimeographed sheets of facts to memorize. History must be relived, and algebra must become a living, vital obstacle, to be conquered with knowledge and experience gained in class.

You can't play football without a ball, neither can a master teach without one hundred percent cooperation and interest from his student. We are particularly fortunate at Pickering. Our masters fulfill their obligation to make their subjects interesting, and are in complete mastery of their subjects. Let us fulfill ours! We must warrant a teacher's trust, and always do our best to be prepared to try to understand a difficult lesson. It is our responsibility to do our homework and memorize what must be treated so. Only in co-operation can knowledge be attained, and we, the students, must always remember that learning is of benefit to us alone. If we close our minds, we hurt no one but ourselves.

A machine can compute, but only an open mind can discover and reason. We have our choice of what we will ultimately become. Let us choose wisely!

JOHN WHITE

Canada in the World To-Day

LET US SUPPOSE we were suddenly transformed into strangers of the world and carried off so we could view the entire globe from outer space. What would we see? Possibly we would see a barren earth or a huge globe studded with upsurging, poisonous mushrooms. Then if we take a closer look, we may be able to see a divided world, or a globe divided into masses of land called countries. Looking even closer, we would be able to see three huge countries all placed close to each other. These must be the greatest of all the countries, we find ourselves thinking, but we would only be fooling ourselves. Two of these land masses are great in power, but who is this third country between them? Let us look closer and find out.

Slowly we move in and we can see this strange land rise up to us. It is a divided land, warm and friendly on the greater majority, but bleak and cold in the lesser. It is spotted with lakes and practically surrounded by great masses of water leading us to the conclusion that this must be a great seafaring nation, but we can see we are mistaken for there are very few ships close at hand. There must be something wrong for this great land must be powerful, and while thinking this, we notice that there is something else in a great deficiency. Where are all the people of this land? It should be covered with humans, but it has none to speak of. We must be mistaken about it's being strong, for a country without people cannot be so. Once again we look closer, and we discover these people, though few in quantity, are strong in quality. They have had their share of war and form their treasured country into a disciple of peace, constantly striving to make its great neighbors see each others' point of view on world troubles, although its pleas are cast against stone walls and shattered to pieces.

Without any notice, we find that we are being drawn away from our new found country and watch it slowly shrink beneath us. Its great neighbors once more come to view as they close like curtains around it, and soon we can only see a globe of fused land masses. Everything fades quickly now and we find ourselves left with a question in our minds. Will this young country arise before it is too late?

WALLY CAIN

The Royal Hunt

or (Hail our Noble Brave Ones)

IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF KATINGLE, in the deepness of Africa — the preparations for the Royal Hunt begin. The Crown has decided to visit a colony and entertainment must be made. Hadimar Oogoomogabird — the zoological officer of our mighty jungles takes the throttle — sotospoke. He sent his bravest warriors out to the jungles with twelve million dollars worth of capturing equipment, including a force of four Sherman tanks, seventeen submachine guns for protection and six cast iron reinforced cells. Their job was to round up four lions and two hippos for "ye Royal Hunt." They did this job in a matter of fifteen minutes — and all six beasts — taken directly from the London Zoo — (They sold the tanks and purchased the animals for a cheap price — the animals themselves averaged at about seventy-three years of age.)

"Oh — the nobility shall see action tomorrow" — said the corrupt natives. Fourteen outposts and six new supply centres were erected within the jungle — and a five lane turnpike was constructed for manouverabilities sake. Cast iron gates twenty-six feet in height reinforced with crossbars of solid block cement were put up encircling the area of the hunt — so as to limit the ground covered by the animals. Around these gates were posted guards armed with 106 gauge bazooka twin barrels if anything got out of hand.

The great day had come and the natives from villages far and near (some were brought in from a neighbouring country) were present for cheering purposes after the hunt. They were told by their leaders that their gods would arise from the dead to observe "the hunt" — this was the only way Ooogoomogabird — the organizer, could get them to look excited. Just when the Royalty arrived on their armour plated elephants — a young native boy snuck through an open gate and

tackled a lion that had occasioned to stroll out of some bushes. He grappled the beast into a head crusher — causing the poor creature to stagger off — and before the guards could get at the boy, he leapt on the poor lion crushing its back with a scissors grip. The lion was dead. The guards immediately took the boy back to his mother's arms. The Royal visitors — armed also with rapid fire bazookas acted as though they had not seen the incident — and the horrifying hunt ensued.

The gates were then opened and a procession of sixteen elephants entered, bearing His Majesty — Her Majesty — dukes — lords — Knights and others of high distinction. The animals — before the hunt were fed for twenty four hours straight so that their movements would be slightly less responsive. Comments between the royal ones went as follows: "It fills one with immense terror to think of the challenge with which we are now confronted — man against beast — in its most viscious sense — but I'll take the challenge till death". "O Lord Balmoral" — cried a young Duchess, "You were always an iron man"

"Thank you" he answered — and added a noble compliment "Lady Godiva — I must say that you are quite ironic yourself" — She then gasped with jubilation and twinkled.

The face of his majesty was that of a true king — stern strong and yet complacent, that of a confident general before a decisive battle. Lord Lovernot was stricken with fear — yet made constant jokes: — "Well it's either me or him — heh heh" then he gulped fearfully, attempting to look brave. He then went on to say "You read about this kind of thing — reading won't do any good now!

Suddenly a hippo sauntered out of the brush — the king was steady — he had the honour of "first shot." The party was tense and expectant — all eyes on his majesty. He nobly raised his weapon with a solemn look, aimed carefully so carefully that it took seventeen minutes. Even though the viscious hippo was but seven feet from the party, grazing on the grass — the guide at the head suggested the use of the telescopic sites. "Boom" — a thundering noise rebounded throughout the entire surrounding area and a vantage of smoke filled the air as it cleared the hippo slowly looked up at the royal party — stared for a while and continued to graze. But just at that moment a giant eucalyptus tree, situated four hundred yards to the direct left of the hippo, came crashing down upon the beast, killing it instantly. With royal gallantry the king saluted the rest of his party, got down from his horse and stood at rigid attention for five hours to make certain of the hippo's death. Unfortunately the remaining animals died of exposure to natural surrounding. The head chief Oogoomogabird said that the sight of a royal party frightened them to death. The King then commented "Well — that's the jolly breaks of the game." The rest of the party immediately forced throngs of laughter and Chief Oogoomogabird turned his back and made awkward girations and distorted his face in order to make the natives laugh also.

Yes — our nobility is true — strong and courageous, facing a challenge — meeting its danger and conquering it. This is why — throughout Kingdom, people have always worshipped and recognized true superiority within the ranks of the crown. Leadership might be, but intelligence is their first nature. "Vive la royauté!"

PETE DAVIS

LOVE

*Love comes in a blinding lightning flash.
Or as a slow, sinking mist
That drifts gently and covers the heart
Obliterating self.
Souls intermingling
As water flows from two great rivers,
And eddies and backwaters easily
To form into one deep body,
As two cups that are filled to overflowing
With each other, and in flowing,
Replenish and strengthen and fortify
The other, so that both are complete.
Love is giving, giving happiness.
And happiness that is given by the gift,
Given from one to another, and given back,
Joining two hands in interlocking grip
That is unbreakable.
It is standing close together, and listening to life,
That wonderful song that wells up within,
Is transmitted, and taken
Into the other, uniting both in a soul-filling harmony,
Endless and forever beautiful.
Two cords in sympathetic vibration, which need one another
And if one is not present, the other cannot.
It is a light in a black emptiness,
Emitted from two sources, but yet joining,
And in the joining, giving off sufficient,
So that both can see together,
But alone it is not enough.
It is understanding that gives peace,
And peace that gives understanding,
A perfect attunement of emotion,
Which sensed, does not need a telling.
A gentle rain caresses the parched earth,
And from it springs up a new growth,
That takes its strength from it, and matures
And is given to the world as a proof of beauty.
It is all that man is,
And he needs to be,
All that he should strive for.
It is what he must have to be a complete man.
For without it he is less than the dead branch
Fallen useless from the tree of life.*

JIM ROSS

The Age of Anxiety

OURS IS AN AGE OF ANXIETY. The world is a seemingly bottomless pit of tensions. The person is rare today who is not worried by the happenings in the field of

international politics. This is a field over which the common man has no control. He selects his representative in a local election and there ends his control. This small privilege is not even given to the people of our ideological opponent. We publicly practise the reduction of the role of the voters to that of pawns, a practice that we deny exists in our country.

Actually, a free election has not been held in this country for a long time. In today's election, the party that wins, does so because of a superior public image created by some Madison Avenue advertising agency. The number of votes a candidate gets, increases proportionally to the amount of money spent and it is impossible to distinguish fantasy from fact in the deluge of propaganda in all the news media.

Yet the fact remains that man is doing better now than he ever has before. There is a vitality and dynamism which the world has never known before. So the choice for the world seems to be: peace and stagnation, or tension and prosperity. In this situation, I doubt if there will ever be another Roman peace again.

CRAIG MCKIE

An Analogy of Truth Suppression

AS I LOOKED FROM MY WINDOW, I could see the snow settling upon the warm earth, like a blanket from the cold-gray clouds, clustered above. November is winter, a curtain of iron being lowered to prevent any recognition or trace of a previous opponent. While under the deadly blows of ice, snow, and sleet, summer staggered, slipped, and fell. Many times, summer rallied, but all attempts were suppressed, as I continued to watch from my window. The earth grew still under a hush of white silence I searched for some clue; some sign of my former friend; the golden leaf of autumn, or breast of the red robin. There was nothing but stone-faced silence. The days that followed turned into months and time dragged on slowly, quietly. An atmosphere of grey depression rang like a black cloud threatening; as does the cloud of rain to the small insect who scurries in advance to the protection of the blushed, pink tulip petal.

Yet, one morning, the familiar squawk of a crow renewed my hopes that summer was not yet dead, but in the days that followed, winter launched such a vicious attack that everything became still and quiet again. Hope faded as the winds moaned, while they swirled snow swiftly about my window, and I sank deeper into the pits of depression.

Suddenly I was awakened gently by the warmth of sunlight soothing my chilled body. Excitedly, I ran to the window where I could see winter forming continuous rivulets and flowing quickly away. I became as overjoyed as one who greets a long lost friend.

No force, no matter how strong, can cause a lasting suppression, because truth is the subtle web of thought, like a fabric wrought by a weaver and as the shuttle moves back and forth a thousand thoughts flow together.

BARNEY CAMPBELL

For Better or for Worse

EDUCATION IS A PROCESS which extends the natural horizons of the young mind. Education therefore has to attempt to extend these horizons as quickly and as far as possible so that the mind can begin a perceptive and fruitful life. After the

process of education is completed the mind terminates its life in a state of wisdom. There fore education is the extension and refinement of common sense.

Education is started shortly after birth and never ceases until death. Basically education is gained from three sources; the home, for social education; the church, for moral education; the school, for practical education. Each of these areas overlaps the other two and such should be the case, as they then encircle life. When these three areas of influence attain their most formative stage, they shouldn't be crowded into one institution. If such a crowding were to ever take place, the demands on the institution would be overwhelming and one of them would ultimately become weakened. A school teacher once stated that the school cannot be expected to be parent, preacher, and professor; it must only be the professor. Generally, a teacher has the right to associate all three areas, but he has neither the capacity nor the time to put conscientious effort into all three and still obtain the best of academic results.

Some of the failure of the present school system can be charged to the vicious triangle existing among the parents, the students and the teachers; however not all of it may be so charged because some of the failure arises from the great demands placed on the school itself, and the remainder is natural human failure. Therefore, if pressure were brought to bear on each area of education to fulfill its obligations then a majority of the present pressure on the schools would be lifted. Then, also, a better and more extensive education would be given to each generation.

The educators of today cannot possibly educate the men of tomorrow with the methods of yesterday. Yesterdays methods of education are so obsolete that we are still stunned by the shock of the poor results. To face the new challenges we must create new methods of education or forever be a fallen nation.

Presently there are grounds for believing that mental development attains its peak at approximately fifteen years of age. Intellectual development, however, still progresses until approximately twenty-seven years of age, at which time it attains its peak. The problem is that while the mental development peak is attained around fifteen years of age, the high school education peak is attained around eighteen years of age. If we accept that education is a means of stimulating mental development, then under the present system of pre-university training our mental capacities aren't being properly stimulated and therefore improperly developed.

This incongruity of the two peaks also produces frustration and disinterest which mounts during the high school years and becomes overwhelming in the last year. There is a tearing away of his cornerstone of confidence. Fear of failure sets in and frustration mounts higher. The combination of these two forces produces not only an academic failure but also a personal failure. This kind of failure is happening at all high school levels giving rise to a working force prematurely swollen each year with disillusioned and maladjusted students. This problem threatens the preservation of the democratic system and principles which require for their protection conscientious thinkers more than rugged sportsmen and a wandering working force.

The human mind has a natural curiosity as has a pendulum a natural vibrating frequency. If we are to obtain the total mental potential of each individual our methods of developing that potential must be revised. Like the swinging pendulum, there can't be any retarding forces on the mind to prevent it from functioning smoothly.

Staff Notes

We would like to express our thanks to those members of the teaching staff who are leaving this year. Mr. C. J. Gellinek, who has been in charge of German and Latin during the past two years, has been awarded a Fellowship at Yale University to pursue his Ph.D. studies in German. Mr. Gilbert Holmes leaves with his family to take up a teaching position in Science in Antigua, B.W.I. Mr. Robert Carmichael, who succeeded Rudy Renzius in Arts and Crafts and has been with us for the past two years, now goes on to his University studies. Mr. Douglas Tisdall, for the past year in charge of English and Drama at Pickering, begins his Ph.D. studies at the University of Toronto this autumn. Mr. Gary Tyrrell will be continuing his University work at Queen's. We are grateful to all these gentlemen for the contribution they have made to the life of the school and our best wishes accompany them into the future.

Meeting for Worship

Here at Pickering our Meeting for Worship represents the focal point of our school week each Sunday evening. Although our school is officially described as non-denominational, everything of value in it stems from the Society of Friends and the Meeting strongly reflects the influence that our Quaker forebears still exert upon the life of the school. From time to time a visitor gives the address at our service, but usually the Meeting is under the direction of the Headmaster or a member of the staff. Two services during the year are taken by members of the School Committee, whose talks are reproduced elsewhere in this issue. The themes of other Meetings were as follows:

The Headmaster, The Great Commandment and The Beloved Community; Mr. Veale, A Way of Life; Mr. Alex. Belugin, Mankind's Last Chance; Mr. McLaren, Guideposts; Mr. Zac Phinister, Schools in Russia; Mr. Lloyd Gesner, On Keeping Christ at a Distance; The Headmaster, Christmas Meditation; The Rev. Duncan White, Where are you Going?; Mr. Lincoln Alexander, Africa Today; Mr. Jackman, Wise Use; Mrs. Cedric Sowby, Religion in our own Lives; Mr. Bruce Lundgren, Choosing a Direction; Mr. Chris Gellinek, The Moment of Growth; Mr. J. D. Purdy, Easter Meditation, Revolution and Resurrection; Mr. Douglas Tisdall, Nature, Love and God; Mr. Robert Carmichael, The Creative Spirit; The Headmaster, Some Thoughts on Freedom and our Closing Service, Cherish These Things.

The Pickering College Association

The above name was given to our Old Boys' organization by one of the most active and interested executives the Old Boys have had in recent years. We are most grateful to Peter Widdrington who served as President until February of this year when he was moved by his firm to greater responsibilities in Winnipeg. He was succeeded by Bruce Foster who continued the good work begun and has given most liberally of his time and interest. He has been ably supported by Duncan Cameron in the office of Vice-President, to whom we also owe our thanks. Old Boy Eric Veale has served as liaison with the school, and other members of the executive have included Jim Spring, Peter Campbell, Jack Struthers, David Mundell, Malcolm McGillivray and Simon Dew.

This year's executive's most successful venture was the issuing of Old Boys newsletters which appeared in November, February and June. Our members' response to the bulletins was most enthusiastic. Because of scattered membership, it is always difficult to maintain a closely knit Old Boys organization, but this year's executive has brought everyone much closer in spirit to the old school. The bulletin must now be maintained as a regular feature to keep us all in touch. A special plea is made to all old boys reading these lines that they help keep our mailing lists up-to-date by notifying the Headmaster about any change of address. At the present time we are attempting to stay in touch with nearly one thousand old boys through the Bulletin, but we know that we are missing many members because of incorrect addresses.

Some sixty old boys turned out for the hockey-basketball night at the School on February 23rd. Although full of enthusiasm, the Old Boys proved to be a poor match for the present generation of Pickering athletes. The Old Boys bulletin described the hockey game as one "smothered in keen team play and clean heavy body work, with the school in the last moments of play eking out a close 19-3 decision". In basketball as well the school seniors were triumphant, although this game was even closer than the hockey match. After the game, Old Boys and wives met with the school teams in the Assembly Hall for coffee and sandwiches.

Thanks to the efforts of Duncan Cameron, the Old Boys this year sponsored the participation of two Pickering students, Peter Davis and Craig McKie, in the meetings of the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs held in Toronto in February. The Old Boys arranged for the accommodation and meals of the students at the Hotel in which the Conference was held and thus made a very real contribution to the current educational life of the school. We are hopeful that the Old Boys will continue their interest in the intellectual life of the College by sponsoring similar projects in the future.

One of the most delightful Old Boys' functions ever held took place at the school on Saturday, June 17th, when Old Boys with their families gathered for track and field and a picnic supper. This event was so successful that it will no doubt now become an annual feature. Bruce Foster and his executive deserve a great deal of credit for giving the organization such a pleasant day.

We regret to announce the death of William S. Macdonald in May 1961. Bill Macdonald attended Pickering in the late Thirties and is survived by his wife and two sons.



G. Brebner, B. Shuttleworth, J. Waide, D. King (Tutor), C. Ferguson, D. Gray.

South House

TO THE SOUTH OF ROGERS HOUSE stands an elegant white mansion in which several young men made their presence known, during the year.

This aristocracy consisted of namely one, Gord Brebner, who added a northern touch to South House; Charles Ferguson, who created intrigue and suspense; Dave Gray, the great thinker; Bob Shuttleworth, the organizer; and John Waide, the cat killer.

Our illustrious tutor, Dave King, was an asset in more ways than one. Mr. Tyrrell, (cat lover personified), who took a very creative interest in his boys, was our housemaster.

Honourable mention goes to a parent who did all the residence of South House, except one, a great favour.

*There once was a Siamese cat
Who was ribboned, pure-bred and all that,
The cat was so dear,
It was kept right in here,
Though its airs almost started a spat.*

Athletics

Senior Football

THIS YEAR PICKERING FIELDED a strong and successful team. Under the able coaching of Mr. Menard and John Palmer we were quickly moulded into a unit.

The season had a dubious beginning when we won our first game against Markham by a touchdown in the last play of the game. From then on we marched solidly through the season with ten victories and no losses.

Scores such as 55-0, 48-0, 65-10, etc., showed that our team had the spirit and the stamina which is a winning factor of all championship teams. Ansley, Agostini and Kemp called the plays which allowed wide open scoring throughout each competitive performance. It was as good as a rule that after Pickering had scored 26 points the opposing team were left scoreless for the remainder of the game. Taking all the seasons games into consideration Pickering had scored a total of 300 points while the points scored against us numbered 29.

We finished the season with a game against Port Perry, which we won by a score of 40-0, to win the G.B.S.S.A. championship for the fourth in a row.

Thus ended another successful year for the Blue and Silver.

Front row: T. K. Bromley, W. G. Henry, E. A. Agostini, D. T. Bretzlaff, J. R. Smith, J. F. Martin, M. Feigenbaum, P. J. Bussell, G. R. Reid, R. C. Cook, J. H. White.

Back row: D. J. Menard (coach), J. A. Fox, P. C. Ansley, W. P. Ryan, J. P. Schram, A. Gaichuk, R. P. Fawcett, J. R. Waide, B. F. Rice, R. S. Veale, P. F. Kemp, R. D. Rayner, W. H. Pratt, D. A. Seibert, G. D. Brebner, Mr. H. M. Beer (Headmaster).



Junior Football

THE JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM had a very successful season this year because of a great deal of potential and the desire to win. Under the excellent coaching of Mr. Bruce Lundgren and Mr. Ron Hons the team tallied 6 wins out of ten games.

The first game of the season was with Orillia where the team gained confidence after a smashing victory. Our following game was with Newmarket where we used a terrific passing combination to chalk up another victory. Then we played Woodbridge, who had a strong team, and lost by a very small margin. The next game was with Bayview. The team made a fine display of sportsmanship and came out the victor after a slow start. Next we played Markham and won a close victory but we lost our quarterback, which slowed the team down. After a number of other injuries the team was almost crippled. However we made a clean sweep with Grove, but fell under S. A. C., Midland, and Woodbridge, who over-powered us with fine football.

The Junior Football Team ended one of its finest seasons in recent years and our congratulations go to Mr. Lundgren and Mr. Hons who developed a fine team.

SCORES

P. C.—37	Orillia—7	P. C.—8	Bayview—7
P. C.—19	Newmarket 2	Woodbridge—13	P. C.—7
Woodbridge—18	P. C.—12	Midland—41	P. C.—2
P. C.—19	Bayview—2	P. C. 35	Grove—6
P. C.—18	Markham—12		

Back row: Mr. Lundgren (coach), T. Smethurst, C. McKie, B. Brunton, J. Sullivan, D. Holbrook, B. Johnston, F. Shuck, M. Morrison, E. Hernandez, D. Blackstock, E. Cantor, Ron Hons (ass't coach).

Front row: J. Bryson, B. Edwards, B. Sanford, J. Ross, E. Soyko, T. Houston, D. Hons, J. Butler, R. Veale, J. Beer.





Back Row: T. Palmer (Ass't coach), D. Morgan, B. Kirsheman, D. Brown, A. Wills, G. Howie, P. Tomlin, F. Lavin, L. Lentz, R. Haselbach, P. Mulholland, R. Lowndes, I. McLaughlin, G. Winchester, C. Beaton, B. Duder, Mr. Tyrrell (coach).

Front Row: E. Doe, A. Johnson, R. Barnstaple, B. Headon, B. Centre, P. Hess, W. Barnes.

Bantam Football

PICKERING HAD AN EXCEPTIONALLY good Bantam Team this year. The Bantams, showing great spirit and tremendous drive, came through this season winning four and losing five, with one tie, to be the first Bantam team in eight years to accomplish such a good record of wins vs. losses. The Bantams owe a lot to the coaching of Mr. Tyrrell and Mr. T. Palmer, and their ability to rouse the spirit of the team for the games. Typical of the drive and spirit displayed during the season was the game against Richmond Hill. With the score tied 6-6 in the third quarter, the Bantams launched a determined attack and marched down for a touch-down, which, when converted, made the final score 13-6.

The Bantams seemed to be accompanied by a jinx against any game that was not played on Memorial Field. Only our last game served to disprove it.

Senior Soccer

ON A COLD, WET, DULL DAY in early November, a single goal was scored on Pickering College's North Field, a goal that brought the Georgian Bay District Secondary Schools Association, Senior "B" Soccer Championship for the first time to this school. On that single goal rested all the hopes, despair, encouragement, anxiety, and spirit of the bystanders, the losers and the jubilant winners. This was the day to remember, for the first time in the history of Pickering College, a championship had been brought home by thirteen determined, willing, spirited young men fashioned into a victorious team through the increasing devotion to a desire to win by an equally determined coach, Mr. G. Holmes.

The team played fourteen games, ten wins, two losses, one win by default and one tie — a remarkable record. Leon Simmons led the scorers with thirteen goals, the 13th being the crucial one (who said thirteen was an unlucky number!). Bob Bloomfield had eight, Jock Bates, six, Peter Ryan also six, Bob Sherry four; Barry Ayoub, a fine substitute from the junior squad had three, and Henry Simmons, our Captain, had one. Last, but not least, came Chuckin' Charlie Ferguson with one goal. The total: forty-two goals scored by P.C.; fourteen goals against the home team.

THE SOCCER SEASON is over, but all of us will have many fond memories over the years as we look back to this Championship Year 1960.

Back Row: Mr. H. M. Beer, Mr. Holmes (coach), R. Sherry, J. Bates, B. Shuttleworth, H. Simmons, C. Ferguson, B. Gardiner, L. Cawdron, V. Crichton, D. Armstrong (MGR.)

Front Row: W. Cain, L. Simmons, B. Bloomfield, P. Ryan, A. Adams.





Back Row: J. Pletschette (Coach), D. Gray, B. Ayoub, D. Broad, H. Blankestijn, R. Robinson, J. Scott, D. Kerr, D. Armstrong (MGR.)

Front Row: J. Wesley, G. Ballard, J. Watt, P. Davis, C. Michaan.

Junior Soccer

THE SOCCER SEASON, from September to early November, was action-packed this year. The Juniors did not fare as well as the Seniors, but the team was very determined and energetic. We won four games out of thirteen, but most of our defeats were close. We beat Ridley, U.C.C., and Hillfield, and a combined Senior-Junior team beat Grove. Bradford, a high-spirited team, won the District Championship, after three hard-fought games with us.

Because of Mr. Pletschette's continuously high spirits and their own desire to win, the Juniors never stopped trying. The future looks well for the team.

The Captain of the team was Doug Broad, Ass't Capt. Dave Kergin, and Manager Dave Armstrong.

jr. prep. soccer



sr. prep. soccer



Senior Hockey

THE SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM finished its season in grand style. After an exceedingly poor start the team began to take shape and slowly developed a fighting spirit and a will to win. It was only after a depressing defeat to a powerful S.A.C. team and an even worse slaughter dished out by Appleby College, that the boys realized their position and decided to dig in and work. It seemed to pay dividends as they overpowered a weak Ridley H team for their first victory. But the joy was short-lived as a rough and tumble U.C.C. crew dished out more than our boys could take and skated off with the win. This somehow seemed to be the turning point and the next game against Grove saw a determined team skate onto the ice wearing the blue and silver. Although they were again defeated it was in this game the Houston, Morrison, Bretzlaff line started passing the puck around like old pro's. It was in this game that White, Brebner and Bromley seemed to realize that there were two other forwards on the ice beside themselves and that Fox and Fawcett, Henry, Ryan and Rayner started living up to the potential they possessed.

But it was the following game, again with Grove as rivals, that Martin proved his ability between the pipes by leading his team to an impressive 6-0 win. Then came S.A.C. for the second time. This was perhaps the biggest let-down of the year as our team appeared to fold up in the last period after completing a fabulous first two periods and lost 7-5 to a superior group. Appleby was no match for our improved powerhouse, as was the weak attempt made by the Old Boys, as they crawled off the ice after having lost 20-2. The final game is still one of controversy, and although not a good game, it was interesting to say the least. It somehow seemed fitting to end off the year in a 2-2 deadlock with U.C.C.

This team was a group of extremists and if not for the patient coaching of Mr. McLaren they might have blown sky-high at any minute of any game as was illustrated by various incidents throughout the short-lived season.

Back Row: Mr. H. M. Beer, R. Veale (Mgr.), T. Houston, M. Morrison, J. White, G. Brebner, D. Bretzlaff, Mr. McLaren (coach).

Front Row: B. Rayner, J. Fox, J. Martin, K. Bromley (Capt.), B. Fawcett, V. Crichton, B. Henry, P. Ryan.





Back Row: Mr. D. Tisdall (coach), B. Galt, F. Schuch, R. Smith, G. Reid, B. Brunton, Mr. N. MacLean (coach).

Front Row: D. Morgan, L. Cawdron, V. Crichton, R. Veale, J. Trimble, J. Beer.

Second Hockey

PICKERING'S SECOND HOCKEY team, 1961, was truly a team to be proud of. I should think that the impressive record (this year's team had.) of seven wins and one tie stands second to none. The team exemplified the Pickering tradition of striving to win, but above all, to play with honour. One fact which stands out is that this team can look back proudly to all games played.

The team showed that what it lacked in proficiency, it more than made up for with a fierce will to win, and win honestly. The team best showed this spirit in a game when S.A.C. was leading 5-1 at the end of the second period. 'Our' team came doggedly back to win 6-5. It is evident to all students that this drive and spirit is a must to any team which hopes to have a victorious season.



Third Hockey

ALTHOUGH 1961 WAS AN UNSUCCESSFUL YEAR for the Third Hockey team, its spirit was good and the games were played cleanly and hard. The team put in many hours of practice, but was unable to win any games.

The manager was John Humphrey. The hard working coaches were Ron Hons and Tony Palmer.

The Third Hockey Team played six games. Three were against S.A.C. and the best the Thirds could do was a 4-0 loss. The Thirds also lost 5-4 to Grove and 2-1 to Hillfield.

In a second game with Hillfield, the team came to life. With Doug Broad scoring two goals and Bob Edwards one, on a soft outdoor rink, the team slushshoed off with a 3-3 tie in the final game of a winless, but worthwhile season.



Senior Basketball

UNDER THE ABLE COACHING OF MR. TYRRELL, the Seniors had a satisfying rugged, but twice disappointing season.

The first disappointment came after two hard fought, close games in which they were beaten in the semi-finals in their league; the second came when the team went to Orillia to play in the Blackball Tournament. After easily defeating Hagersville and North Bay, they were defeated by Medway of London in the finals. This ended the season with a record of 10 wins, 1 tie and 7 losses.

A humorous highlight of the season occured when the team continued the tradition of beating the "Old Boys" twice to the scores of 77-40 and 65-40, a truly decisive victory. An exhibition game against the First Hockey team before a crowd of lovely young ladies, escorts to the dance that followed the game, also proved to be a memorable occasion. It is noted here that the team wisely declined the challenge of a return game of hockey.

Thanks again must go to Mr. Tyrrell for his patient, skilful coaching. [and to our manager, Dave Holden, for inspiring us by showing up for 2 out of 18 games.]

Back Row: Mr. H. M. Beer (Headmaster), M. Feigenbaum, D. Seibert, E. Soyko, D. Holden, Mr. G. Tyrrell (coach).

Front Row: J. Waide, E. Agostini, P. Ausley (capt.), P. Kemp, J. Schram.



Back Row: B. Campbell (coach),
T. Davis, C. McKie, P. Beuch-
ler, E. Hernandez, B. Ayoub,
J. Butler, D. King (coach).

Front Row: B. Centre, H. Blan-
kestijn, B. Johnston, L. Sim-
mons, J. Watt.



Junior Basketball

THE JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM of 1961 was generally considered superior to its 1960 counterpart. The team played very well considering that only a few of the players had had any experience at the game beforehand. Barney Campbell and Dave King did a fine job of coaching the team and their help was very valuable.

The number of wins was no indication of the team's spirit, as it was excellent at all times. The team won two hard fought games, beating Newmarket 31-24 and winning over Appleby 23-10. In two of three games, with S.A.C. the team lost by the narrow margin of 2 points.

Other teams we played included Bayview, U.C.C., Stouffville, Aurora, Woodbridge, Thornhill and Orillia.

All games were well played and the team was always a credit to the school in their sportsmanlike conduct.

Midget Basketball

THIS YEAR THE MIDGET BASKETBALL TEAM had a good year. Even though we didn't have a victorious season we had an improved one over that of last year. We had a high team spirit and received excellent coaching from Mr. Bruce Lundgren. In all we played fifteen games winning two, tying one and losing the rest, coming out on the short end of close decisions. A point to note — in three-quarters of our games the scoring on both sides was extremely low, due to the fact that both our Midgets and the opposition played an almost completely defensive game. Therefore neither side progressed anywhere. In one particular game, which ended in an 11-11 tie, the score at the half time was 2-1 for Pickering which actually sounds like a hockey game score. Credit goes to our manager Ed Collis (for stealing most of the team's oranges) and our able Captain Don Brown.

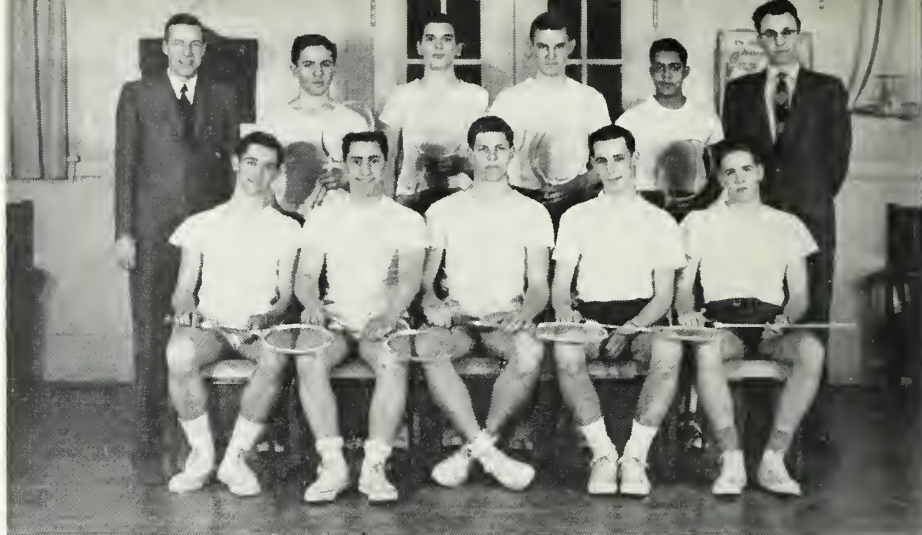


Back Row: Mr. B. R. Lundgren
(coach), B. Kirsheman, R. Ro-
binson, D. Kergin, P. Mulhol-
land, B. Duder, L. Lentz, J.
Wesley, E. Collis (Mgr.).

Front Row: B. Headon, P. Hess,
D. Brown, D. Wayne, G. Bal-
lard.

Back Row: Mr. H. Beer (Headmaster), B. Brumton, J. Bates, H. Blankestijn, L. Simmons, Mr. G. Holmes (coach).

Front Row: E. Hernandez, M. Feigenbaum, R. Sherry, D. Holden, P. Bussell.



Badminton

ONCE AGAIN the team is under the excellent guidance of Mr. Holmes, and we have greatly prospered from it. Not only do we have an almost completely new group of players and an increased number of participants in our intra-mural program, but we have played more badminton this year than in any previous year.

The Pickering College badminton team was in three inter-school tournaments, and one intra-mural tournament which includes singles and doubles. In the first inter-school tournament held in Orillia, along with three other sports, Pickering represented by Bates, Bussell, Hernandez, Holbrook, Holden, Feigenbaum, Ryan and Sherry, emerged the victors by an 8 to 4 score.

In the second tournament we took Bates, Blankestijn, Brumton, Bussell, Feigenbaum, Hernandez, Holden and Sherry to Camp Borden.

Our third inter-school tournament was with Parry Sound, and in this tournament we met stiff competition, which was much more than our match that day.

On April 22, Sherry, Feigenbaum, Bussell and Holden represented Pickering in the COSSA badminton tournament at Orillia. Robert Sherry advanced all the way to the singles finals before dropping a close game to Parry Sound's Lawson.

Our intra-mural program has come along very nicely with great participation by many students, although not all that signed up played. After thrilling matches and a few upsets, the finals were reached. Sherry (silver) defeated Feigenbaum (red) in straight sets and Sherry and Hernandez defeated Feigenbaum and Bussell in the doubles' finals in straight sets. The participation in and skill of the tournament has greatly increased since last year and under Mr. Holmes leadership will likely continue to do so in future years.



Mr. D. J. Menard, B. Headon, P. Herrera, J. Stewart, B. Barnes, C. R. Blackstock.

The Quaker Relays

ON SATURDAY, May 15th, Pickering College played host to forty-seven schools for the eighth annual running of the Quaker Relays. Beautiful weather heralded this outstanding sporting event of the Athletic season and the track was groomed to perfection which, against the beautiful natural background of woods and hills, made conditions ideal for outstanding performance by the competitors and a colourful display for the many spectators.

Highlight of the meet for the Pickering enthusiasts was the C.R. Blackstock race which climaxed the slate of events. In this Junior High Hurdle Sprint Pickering College paced ahead easily to break the record established by a Pickering team last year. The time of 51.9 seconds set this year slashed 3.9 seconds from last year's record. Bill Barnes, Pedro Herrera, John Stewart, and Barry Headon retained this title for Pickering and they are to be commended for their fine performance.

Four other records were established in the Quaker Relays: Delta took the Murray McNie 1320 yards with 2:41.9 over 2:43.5. Thornhill cut the 46.6 in the James Worrall 320 yards hurdles down to 42.2. U.C.C. won the Robert Kerr 440 yards with 45.7 over 46.8. Central Tech set a time of 1:34.8 in the Hee Phillips 880 yards as against 1:35.9.

The enthusiasm displayed by all who were in any way concerned with the Quaker Relays is some indication of the role that this Track event plays in the life of Pickering College, and indeed of sport in Ontario. Mr. Don Menard, Meet Director, is deserving of the highest praise for his efforts in making the Quaker Relays such a success.



Track and Field

ONCE AGAIN participation was high in the school's track and field program. Under a multitude of coaches headed by Mr. Menard the team was soon moulded into shape and made ready for the first meet which was against Richmond Hill. This was a close meet, but the Richmond Hill team managed to eke out a close win. A highlight for Pickering was the success of our three relay teams: The Seniors (Rayner, Simmons, Agostini, and Schram), the intermediates (Edwards, Cawdron, Heaton and Veale), and the Juniors (Barnes, Johnson, Crerar, and Barnstaple) won in fine style.

The next dual meet was with Thornhill and again in a close finish we came out on the short end of the score. The intermediate and junior relay teams won, but not the senior. Laird Cawdron took both the intermediate Hop, Step, and Jump and the Broad Jump. Bob Rayner took the senior 100 yard dash and Bill Barnes won the Junior. Barnes also won the junior hurdles. Al Johnson won out in both the Junior 440 yard dash and the broad jump.

This year the Georgian Bay District became a league in its own right and was no longer associated with C.O.S.S.A. At this meet our athletes did very well and finished fifth out of about twenty-five schools. We managed this by placing second, third or fourth in most of the events which we entered. Bill Barnes took second in both the junior 100 and the junior 120 yard low hurdles. Elio Agostini captured third in the senior 220, and Bob Rayner was fourth in the senior 100. John White sped to a second place finish in the senior high hurdles. In the Intermediate 880 yard relay our boys came in third.

Thus because of hard working and interested coaches and athletes we continued to field a formidable team. When one thinks of the size of district high schools it is somewhat startling to see how well we do.



Sports Day

ON MAY 28TH THE ANNUAL SPORTS DAY was held, and during the course of the afternoon's events many records were tied or broken. Before the day's events began, the Gold team led the points parade based on competition held throughout the year, and also led in the preliminary track and field events held during the week prior to Sports Day. However by the time all the events were over the Red and Silver teams had swept by the Gold team. The Red "machine" took firsts in both Year and Day competition followed by Silver, Gold and Blue in that order.

Pedro Herrera led the record-breakers by setting new marks in both the Midget 75 yard dash and the Midget Shot Put. His time in the former was 8.7 seconds, and he put the shot 39'1½". In senior competition John White equalled the record in the high hurdle event. His time was 15.7 seconds. In the intermediate 100 yard dash Bob Edwards matched the old mark of 10.7 seconds. Bill Barnes ran the 60 yard dash in 7 seconds flat, tying the record. Don Brown set a record in the junior discus with a heave of 74'5". This event was held for the first time, as was the junior javelin.

The captains of the four teams in both Year and Day competition are to be congratulated for the time they spent making the Intramural activity successful.

They were for the Year:

Red — Joe Martin
Gold—Paul Ryan
Silver — Bob Sherry
Blue — Elio Agostini

For the Day:

Red — Don Bretzlaff
Silver — Bob Rayner
Gold — John Schram
Blue — Rick Smith

	<i>Year</i>	<i>Day</i>
Red	855	429
Silver	849	395
Gold	840	370
Blue	783	352

SPORTS DAY RESULTS

SENIOR:

Time or Dist.

100 yds.—Rayner(S), Agostini(B), Schram(G), Seibert(S)	10.6
220 yds.—Rayner(S), Agostini(B), Seibert(S), Schram(G)	23.8
440 yds.—Seibert(S), Ansley(G), Rayner(S), Agostini(B)	56.6
880 yds.—Ansley(G), Reid(R), Bussell(R), Kemp(S)	2:9.6
1 Mile—Ansley(G), Bussell(R), Reid(R), Sherry(S)	5:19.9
120 yd. high hurdles—White(G), Rog. Veale(R), Schram(G), Reid(R)	15.7
440 yard Relay—Gold, Silver, Red, Blue	48.2
Broad Jump—White(G), Seibert(S), Agostini(B), Bretzlaff(R)	18'8¾"
High Jump—Shuttleworth(B), Kemp(S), White(G), Rog. Veale(R)	5 ft.
Hop, Step, Jump—Seibert(S), Ansley(G), Bretzlaff(R), Bates(S)	39'6"
Shot Put—Sherry(S), Rog. Veale(R), Rice(B), Gaichuk(G)	43'5"
Discus—Sherry(S), Fawcett(B), Rice(B), Martin(R)	128'½"
Javelin—Gaichuk(G), Rog. Veale(R), Ansley(G), Ryan(G)	130'

INTERMEDIATE :

100 yds.—Edwards(R), Hernandez(S), Pratt(G), Schuch(B)	10.7
220 yds.—Edwards(R), Cawdron(R), Hernandez(S), Schuch(B)	24.0
440 yds.—Hernandez(S), Smethurst(B), Pratt(G), Johnston(S)	60.0
660 yds.—Morrison(B), Bloomfield(S), Johnston(S), Schuch(B)	38.8
1 mile—Lentz(G), Simmons(S), Johnston(S), Blaber(S)	6 min. 2.3 secs.
120 yd. low hurdles—Cawdron(R), Brunton(B), Simmons(S)	16.2
440 yd. relay—Red, Blue, Silver, Gold	50.4
High Jump—Morrison(B), Cawdron(R), Smethurst(B), Center(S)	5'7"
Broad Jump—Cawdron(R), Brunton(B), Morrison(B), Edwards(R),	18'¾"
Hop, Step, Jump—Cawdron(R), Hons(B), Davis(R), Morrison(B)	37'9"
Shot Put—Center(S), Edwards(R), Bloomfield(S), Pratt(G)	37'3¼"
Discus—Brunton(B), Lentz(G), Galt(G), Watt(R)	96'¾"
Javelin—Center(S), Trimble(R), Edwards(R), Holden(B)	125'2½"

JUNIOR :

60 yds.—B. Barnes(R), Ron Veale(G), Johnson(B), Crerar(G)	7.0
100 yds.—Headon(S), B. Barnes(R), Broad(R), Crerar(G)	11.0
220 yds.—Headon(S), Barnstaple(G), Wesley(B), Doe(S)	24.5
120 yd. low hurdles—B. Barnes(R), Ron Veale(G), Beer(S), Blackstock(S)	16.6
440 yds.—Ron Veale(G), Headon(S), Broad(R), Johnson(B)	56.7
440 yd. Relay—Red, Silver, Gold, Blue	52.1
Broad Jump—Ron Veale(G), Broad(R), Johnson(B), Robinson(S)	17'4½"
High Jump—Broad(R), Mulholland(G), Robinson(S), Rideout(B)	5'4"
Hop, Step, Jump—Broad(R), Blankestijn(R), B. Barnes(R), Johnson(B)	37'10½"
Shot Put—Hess(B), Doe(S), Duder(S), Kirsheman(G)	37'7"
Discus—Brown(B), Duder(S), Robinson(S), Mulholland(G)	74'3"
Javelin—Blankestijn(R), Crerar(G), Blackstock(S), Mulholland(G)	101'2½"
Hurdle Relay—Red, Gold, Silver, Blue	36.0

Championship!

SOMEDAY TWO P.C. OLD BOYS will meet on the street, in a restaurant, or the P.C. dining room, and reminisce about the year when the 1960 Senior Soccer Team won the Georgian Bay District Championship by defeating Bradford 1-0 in the most thrilling struggle ever seen on a P.C. field.

But for an oversight by Bradford officials, the game would never have taken place. During the season, Bradford defeated P.C. twice but had to forfeit the second game to us because they had not paid league dues. A "final" game ended 2-2. The die was then cast. The Seniors were determined to win the sudden-death game on the North Field. When the team trotted on the cold, wet field one November afternoon, strengthened by the return of Laird Cawdron to goal, and wary of the dangerous Bradford captain, it was ready to give its all.

Dozens of excited spectators lined the slippery banks as the game began. Immediately, Bradford began to put on the pressure. Although they were foiled several times by an overeager forward and the referee's strict calling of offsides, they made Cawdron in goal play superbly to keep out some of their shots. Bradford almost scored on a pass from an indirect free kick but a P.C. forward kicked the ball out of danger. Had it not been for the offsides, Bradford would have won decisively, despite the great P.C. defence, for it was seldom that the P.C. forwards were able to threaten the Bradford goal. Both sides fought fiercely and the Bradford attack kept P.C. bottled up, but despite this, Bradford had to be content with criticizing an unlucky forward for being so often offside as the first half ended 0-0.

Both teams were different as the second half began. P.C. was much more confident, now that they had stopped the powerful Bradford attack. They sensed that the game was going to change because the Bradford team had been thrown off stride by their many offsides and would have to be careful, thus giving P.C. better chances. Sure enough, Bradford stormed once more to the attack, but they lacked their first-half punch. As the half continued, P.C. gradually took the initiative. But it seemed as though the game would never end. First one side would charge down the field. The other side would stop the rush, take the ball, and try its luck. Occasionally the P.C. defence would get mixed up and Cawdron would boot the ball out to a waiting forward. Sometimes a Bradford forward would be called offside and P.C. would in turn start an attack. A wing would take the ball down the field. A pass to Ryan or Lee Simmons. In to Sherry. Out to Bates or Bloomfield. A shot is stopped and the ball bounces back to the halfbacks. Henry Simmons or Wally Cain boot it back in. A near miss by a forward. Now Bradford starts out. Up to centre. Adams kicks the ball away. Or Crichton, with his long legs, dribbles it back and forth, then out to Ayoub. Bradford gets it again and Cawdron makes a save. The spectators keep up a constant cheer and encouragement as the two teams battle it out; the attack gradually shifting to P.C.'s favour. No one worries about the end. No one even thinks about it. The game's the thing!

The ball slithers through the mud, over the boundary, and into the trees. The P.C. left wing picks it up, looks around, sees an opening, and fires it to his inside left. He takes the ball in on goal and towards centre. Now Lee Simmons shifts to the left side, takes a pass from the inside left, moves a few steps, and fires. It's a

high shot, right on goal. The Bradford goalie reaches up, seems to grab it, but . . . it goes through his hands and drops over the all-important line! Finally!! We've done it!! We've scored!!! Bedlam on the sidelines! Delirious joy among the Seniors as the delighted team half-carries Simmons back to his position . . . Suddenly the word slips through the field — 30 seconds left! The Bradford team, stunned, quickly lines up — their two best players shift position.

Bradford kicks off. The new centre, the captain, passes to the right wing. He carries it down, centres it. A hard shot! Cawdron stops it and gives the ball to a fullback. Bradford gets it, P.C. kicks it outside, and Bradford cornerkicks. A shot — a great save! A loose ball, kicked out and Bradford cornerkicks again! A desperate try, a pass, he's going to shoot — the whistle blows!! P.C. wins!!! Championship!!! The Seniors, crazy with joy, dance madly about. 3 cheers for Bradford, the P.C. yell, and the spectators pour onto the field, congratulating the team, with special congratulations for Cawdron and Simmons. Handshakes for Bradford, more cheers and yells, and as darkness creeps over the desolate field, the two teams, coaches, and fans, all desert the gloomy stage; the scene of the triumph over many odds of the 1960 Senior Soccer Team of Pickering College.

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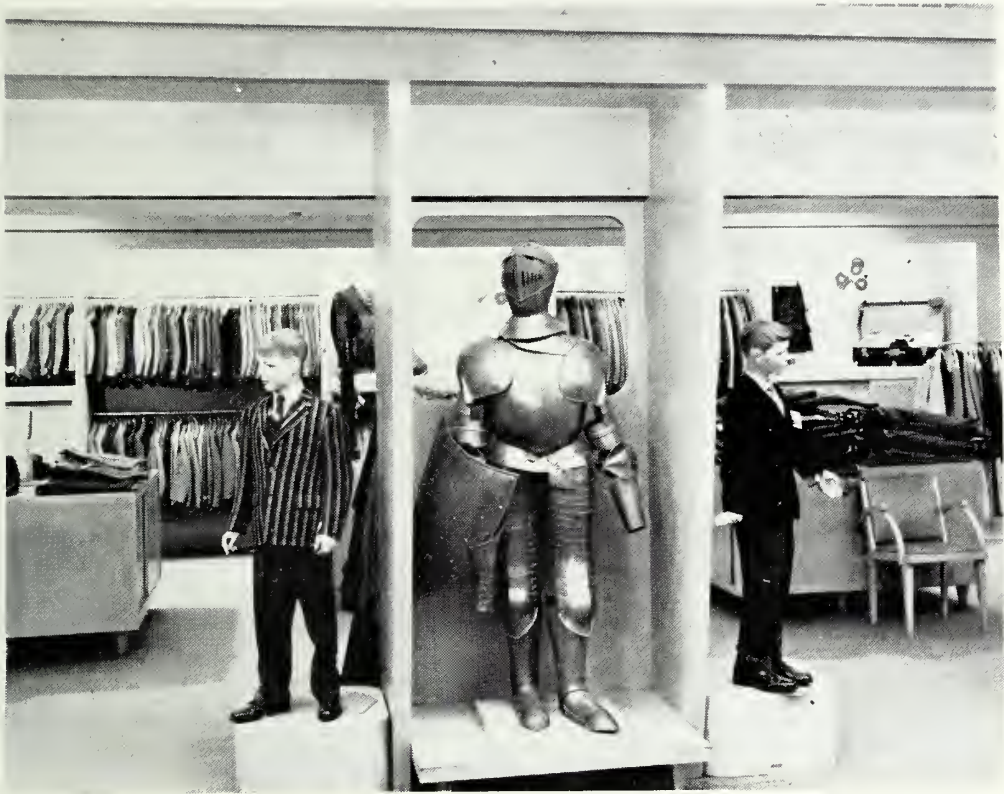
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